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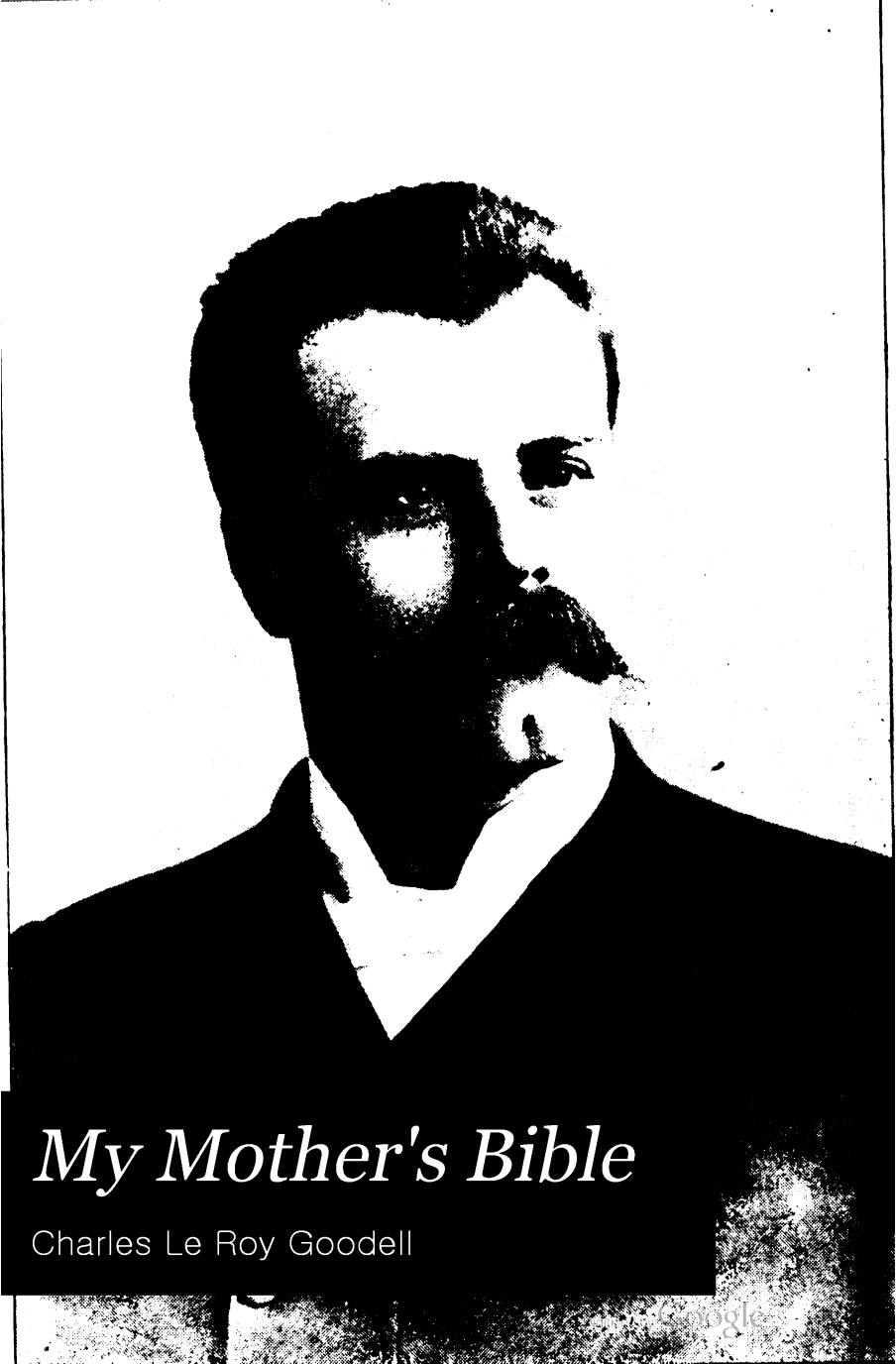

My Mother's Bible

Charles Le Roy Goodell

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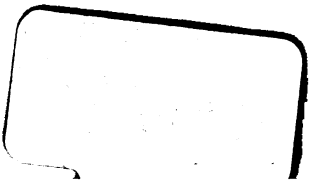

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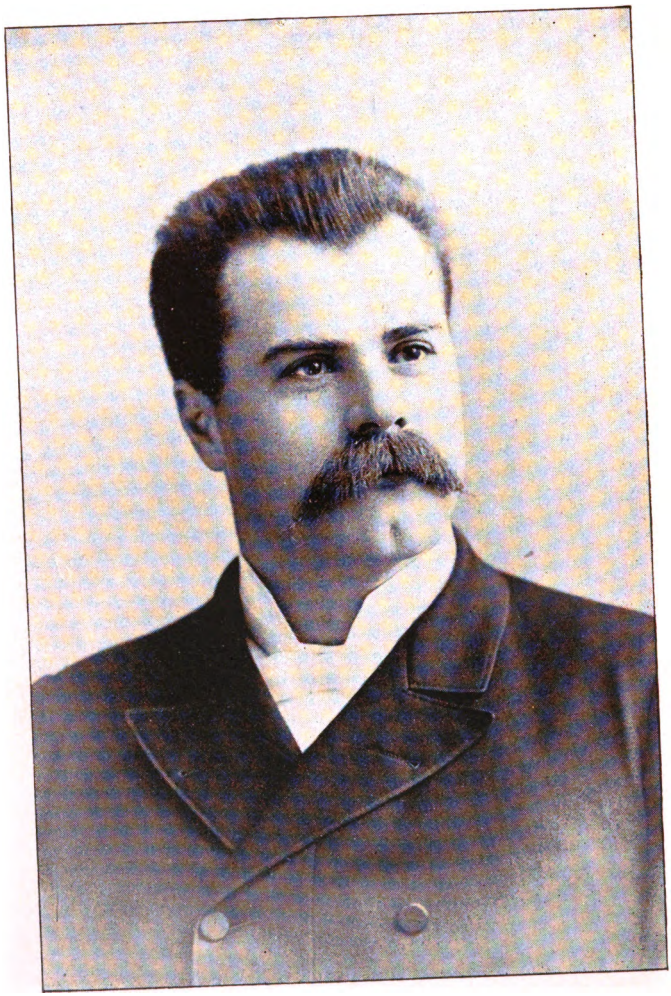

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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

A MEMORIAL VOLUME

OF

ADDRESSES FOR THE HOME

BY THE

REV. CHARLES L. GOSTELL

BOSTON 1891

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

10 MILK STREET

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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

TYPOGRAPHY AND ELECTROTYPING BY
C. J. PETERS & SON, BOSTON

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

My Mother

AND TO

The Churches

FOR WHICH SHE DAILY PRAYED

I Dedicate this Book

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is the fulfilment of a promise made to myself and to God, as I watched by the death-bed of my mother. It was my purpose then to print for private distribution, some brief account of my mother's life and character; first, as the tribute of a grateful son to the memory of a sainted mother, and second with the hope that the testimony thus given to her cheerful, godly, and unselfish life might be not only a comfort to those who knew her, but a help to others who in trials and comparative obscurity are seeking to lead brave and holy lives.

When my plan became known among my parishioners, past and present, they requested me to change my purpose sufficiently to present a book for general circulation by adding, to the memorial of my mother, such addresses and sermons as might harmonize with some general

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plan. I have assented to this request, because I could thus secure a larger hearing for my simple tribute, and with the hope of influencing through the printed page some who are yet in the formative period of their lives, but whom I can no longer reach from the pulpit.

In my dedication I have coupled my mother's name with my churches. I do this because she had visited me in each of my parishes at Acushnet, Mass.; Broadway, Chestnut Street, and Trinity, Providence; and Winthrop Street, Boston; and was greatly interested in all the details of my work. Every day, morning and evening, she was accustomed, with my father, to spend a season in prayer, that God might specially bless the church for which I labored. To the influence of these earnest prayers I believe is largely due the measure of success in winning souls to Christ and upbuilding the church, which God has graciously permitted to attend the efforts of these twelve years of my ministry.

The thought running through the book is, *Christianity and the Home.* The larger part of the addresses are to young people. The circum-

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stances of my pastorates, particularly that of Trinity Church, whose Sunday school numbered more than twelve hundred members, have been such as to lay upon me particular obligations in this direction. I have not, however, confined myself entirely to the young. There has always been a warm place in my heart for old people, and I trust some things I have written here will be a comfort to them in their peculiar trials. I have sought to present something which may be helpful from the cradle to the grave. The two biographical addresses and the Memorial Address are in line with the others. "Whispers from Whitefield's Tomb" should inspire our young men with a like devotion and a willingness, if called, to enter the Christian ministry. The vindication of prayer by a cool-headed man of affairs like Stanley ought to help the faith of all. I hope the Memorial Address may stimulate that patriotism which should be a characteristic of every true Christian.

I have selected those addresses and sermons which are in line with my plan, and many of which have been honored in the salvation of souls. No attempt has been made to gain a

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reputation for scholarship or eloquence: these are simple talks out of my heart to men whose souls I love. I speak to the home because I am satisfied that the great need of the times is home religion. It is time to set up the family altar. I urge it as one who has seen its power.

I acknowledge, in a general way, my obligation to many writers for the young, from whose books I have received helpful suggestions. Among these are Smiles, Matthews, Talmage, Geikie, Mann, Munger, Gladden, and others.

This book is sent forth as a tribute to my mother; and to the end that it may help some souls in the voyage of life, I ask upon it the blessing of my Mother's God.

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FIRST among the influences which have formed my life, I must mention the character of a mother. . . .

As I think of her life and all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed ; I never heard her speak one word of anger, or of calumny, or of idle gossip. I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment misbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the water of life, and which had fed upon manna in the barren wilderness. The world is better for the passage of such souls across its surface; they may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each raindrop adds to the volume of refreshing and purifying waters.

The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. A single star
Seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars
Break up the night, and make it beautiful.

CANON FARRAR, in *Formative Influences.*

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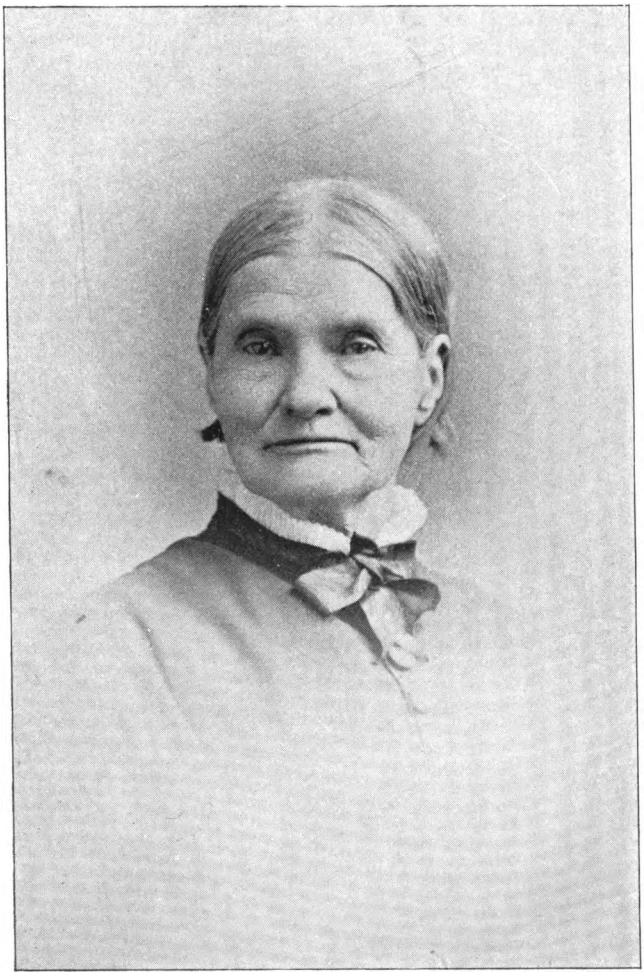

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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

MY MOTHER

INSTEAD of a formal and extended analysis of my mother's character, I shall allow such incidents and characteristics as best reveal her real self to take their natural place in the following addresses, and thus to tell incidentally the manner of her life. I may, however, be permitted here to tell the simple story of that life, and, since most of these addresses were given prior to her death, to speak of the quiet victory of her closing hours.

Clarinda (Healy) Goodell was born in Dudley, Mass., July 20, 1812. She was of Puritan ancestry, and her ancestors had lived in the town of her birth from the time of its settlement. An accident in her childhood was nearly fatal, and she felt the painful effect of it all her life. Passing along a pathway where a lighted candle had been carelessly left, her clothing took fire, and before it could be extinguished she was ter-

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ribly burned. She lost the use of her limbs and the power of speech, and did not recover these for several years. A naturally strong constitution enabled her to regain to a fair degree the use of her powers, although her health was never good. The death of her father when she was five years old left her mother with three children to care for, — Becca, afterward the wife of Waldo Williams, a woman of strong religious character and marked ability, who is now living in the eighty-seventh year of her age; and Hezekiah who was accidentally shot when a youth. Her mother was a woman of affairs, and she so managed her business interests that a comfortable dower remained to each daughter. The strictest economy had been practised during these years, and had come to be a part of the life of the family. They were taught that it was not only unwise to be in the least degree wasteful, but also that it was a religious duty to be economical. This feeling remained with mother all her life, although it was only exercised that her own might not want, and that she might have more to give to others.

June 15, 1836, she married Warren Goodell, of Woodstock, Ct., and began housekeeping in the house where she was born, and which she never left for any length of time. Of this union five sons were born, four of whom are

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still living. Her husband began the manufacture of shoes, and continued it with varying success until the failures of 1857 swept away what little he had accumulated. From this he attempted to rally; but the war soon came on, and two of his sons left for the front. Soon after the business was given up. While mother was never able to work rapidly, she seemed to work incessantly. Her lamp was the last in the village to go out at night, and the first to be lighted in the morning. Her patience in the hard conditions of life was simply marvellous. Every detail of the home life was religiously attended to. Rarely could she be induced to go beyond her own door save to the church she loved. Her natural habit of mind was hopeful and cheery, and no one entered her presence without feeling at ease. A more guileless and unselfish spirit never walked the earth. I never knew her to speak an unkind word, much less an angry one. When some personal gossip was retailed in her presence, she would go quietly on with her work, and if appealed to for her opinion would invariably defend the accused, or, if that were impossible, would say, "You know we must speak well of people as long as we can, and when we cannot it is better to be silent." Bishop Mallalieu says of her, in an obituary in *Zion's Herald*, "In her was richly manifested the fruit of the

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Spirit. Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, abounded in her daily life and conversation." Although keeping so closely to her home, she was interested in every reform and all matters of public weal. That she was a patriot at heart is evidenced by the answer she gave when some one asked how she felt when her three boys came to talk with her about enlisting in '61. "I felt very badly that it was necessary for them to go, but if they had not spoken to me about going I should have spoken to them." Remembering her love for her country, I have the more readily given place in this volume to a patriotic address.

Next to her love for her home was her devotion to the church. Father was a Methodist, and mother before her marriage was a member of the Congregational Church. Even then her soul was greatly exercised and disturbed by the Calvinism of the day. She heard the Methodists preach free salvation, she read their books, and came shortly through the force of her convictions to become a Methodist, and that at a time when it cost something to do so. There was no Methodist church in town, but father and mother were anxious that one should be erected. They offered the lot next to their own dwelling, and the offer was accepted. Until the little church

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was built, services were held in their house. It was a happy day for them when their efforts were crowned with success, and they could worship in a Methodist church. For forty years father was its sexton, as well as class-leader and local preacher. There were men of gigantic faith in that church, and more men have gone from it into the ministry than from any other church with which we are acquainted. Through removals and death the congregation was broken up, and no regular services are now held there. The building may go to decay; but Methodism may well thank God that it has had an existence, for the men converted at its altars are giving to God of their substance enough to build many such churches every year. Some of us love the old church still, because it was our birthplace, and because every board and timber was consecrated by the prayers of godly men and women.

Into this church my mother's heart was built. When it prospered, she rejoiced; when it languished, her eyes were a fountain of tears. In other places I shall speak of that devotion and Christian living at home which make my father and mother the highest ideal of the Christian I have ever met. Because our house was literally under the droppings of the sanctuary, it became the *rendezvous*, between morning and

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afternoon services, of all who came from a distance. It was mother who prepared the cup of tea for the woman with a headache, who found the proper medicine for the suffering child, who provided a lunch for the hungry boy, who entertained the preachers who came on exchange, who gave the presiding elder the best the house afforded, while father led his horse to oats in the barn. On Wednesday afternoon a woman's prayer-meeting was held in our house which mother led for many years; and on Saturday night the chairs were set around the kitchen against the wall, the lamps put on either side of the clock on the shelf, and we were ready for the class of which father was leader. I see them gather. Oh, that I could hear them as of old! Aunt Sally, whose husband, Rev. Hezekiah Davis of precious memory, had swept through the gates like an Elijah years before; Uncle Henry, who shouts as the chairs are filled and others brought in, "Glory to God! see the troops gather!" These are gone home, and only the children remain. With such scenes as these my sainted mother and devoted father are always associated in my mind.

Mother greatly enjoyed the church papers and magazines. The *Zion's Herald* and the *Guide to Holiness* she especially prized. When her children received remembrances from her,

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at Christmas or other times, a *Guide* would frequently be found in the package, and we knew mother felt that to be the most valuable of her gifts. I have in my possession nearly a score of note-books which mother filled with choice religious thoughts, some of them original, and others copied from her range of reading. Her hands trembled in the last years of her life, so that it was with difficulty she could write; and yet here are scores of pages carefully written out, the blessed truth of the words making her forget the pain of the effort. Here are a few of the sentences to which I open.

"Divine providences are dark, but the divine *promises* are light." "The gate is too strait to carry through one sin." "No craft, however small, was ever wrecked on the ocean of love." "Can I pray before beginning it, is a good test of doubtful actions." "We are apt to see God more in his judgments than in His mercies."

I pass with regret over the many precious incidents from long years which crowd my mind. These, which are so full of comfort to me, I cannot touch, save as I do it incidentally in pages which are to follow.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged above the common walks
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

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Mother grew weaker rapidly during the summer months of 1890, and we all beheld it with alarm. We came to see, during the late autumn days, that the time had come for the reapers who are the angels. One after another, her sons came, on notice of her weakness, and for many days watched together around her bed day and night. "The Lord bless them, every one of them; they make my last days happy," said the dying mother. Her aged sister also sat often with them. For such an hour mother had been preparing for sixty years. Death had laid aside every terror, and it was more like the hush preceding a coronation than like an hour of mourning. She longed to be with Jesus, and said again and again, "Why does the chariot wait so long?" Her religious life had not been marked by exuberance of joy, but rather by great peace. Her last hours were in harmony with this. When father asked, "Do you feel happy?" she replied with emphasis, "I feel my soul stayed on God." She had often spoken in life about dying grace, and had been fearful that she might not receive it. "I said long ago I was afraid God wouldn't give me patience. But He gives me far beyond what I expected."

"Sing to me," she said; and we sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and then another hymn,

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composed by her life-long friend, Dr. Jefferson Hascall, —

> "My latest sun is sinking fast,
> My race is nearly run;
> My strongest trials now are past,
> My triumphs are begun."

"How can we live without you, mother?" cried one of her sons, through his sobs.

"You'll have a mother in heaven," was her truthful and comforting answer.

But the end was drawing near, and it came as gently as the sun goes down. He who led her to the marriage altar fifty-four years before held her wrinkled hand. Her sons stood around her bed. The last prayer had been said, and ended with her triumphant "Amen!" Slower and slower, fainter and fainter, ran the life-current, until at last the weary wheels of life stood still. And there, just below the room where she was born and next to the room where she was married, her pilgrimage on earth ended. At rest, the peace of God in all her looks! It seemed as if, when the gates opened for her departing spirit, something of the glory fell upon the face of clay; for when we arose from prayer her husband said, "She never looked more beautiful."

On the day appointed, her sons bore her away,

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and, within sight of the home and the church so loved of her soul, on a matchless Indian-summer day, they laid her to rest.

Thus have I kept my promise, and fulfilled the words which I would write over her grave,

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."

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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

I HESITATE to speak publicly upon so personal a theme. Contending emotions stir my heart, — thankfulness for the teaching and associations of a holy life, sorrow that all this can be henceforth but a memory. Two thoughts constrain me to hide my own emotions so far as I can, and give to you this chapter out of my life: first, that I may pay some humble tribute to the memory of my now sainted mother, and second, that I may show, to the glory of God, the wonderful power of this blessed Book to instruct and sustain. Influenced by these motives, I hope I may voice for the good of some soul a message from this silent witness which I bring here to-night, — My Mother's Bible!

"What household thoughts, around thee as their shrine,
Cling reverently! of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Each day were bent: her accents gravely mild
Breathed out thy lore; whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring flowers wild,
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,

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Some secret nest; yet would the solemn Word,
At times with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost, for which in darker years
O book of Heaven! I pour with grateful tears
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!"

But here is the old family Bible. Not one with double clasp, gilt back, and full morocco binding, with colored marriage certificate, and two pages for photographs; not the kind which is enveloped in its own dignity, and seems to say to any who would venture to open its stiff clasps, "I am only to be looked at. The Bible they read is in grandmother's room." A hundred years ago they read less *about* the Bible, and more out of the old Book itself.

The imprint of this book proves it to have been born with the opening of the present century. After grandmother had begun housekeeping at the old Black Tavern, grandfather brought it from Philadelphia, on his way home from Washington, whither he had been to make application for a patent for the first water-loom in America. This was just at the beginning of of the War of 1812. The title-page reads: "*Printed and published by Matthew Carey, No.* 122 *Market St., Phil. Embellished with three maps and twenty-seven Historical Engravings.*" Four generations have admired those

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wonderful engravings; and on some of them is left the imprint of the too-eager hands of youth. A generation has passed since we looked at them with mother's finger to point out each well-known picture, and her sweet lips to tell again the oft-repeated story. Here is Moses in the bulrushes; Isaac on the altar, and Abraham with one hand on his son's head, while in the other he holds the sacrificial knife. An angel is just appearing in the corner, while on the other side a lamb is disclosed in the thicket. Looking on a little, David is seen with his harp of solemn sound, and, farther still, the minor prophets appear. In the New Testament the wise men kneel by the infant Jesus, and offer their spices and gems. In the temple the wonderful child confutes the doctors. Here he sits — sweetest picture of all — with his hand on the head of a little child. Again, from the judgment-hall, buffeted and despised, the Christ goes forth to his crucifixion.

Measured by certain laws which we have learned in wiser but less happy years, these plates are not a great success; but we have never seen any line engravings in store or museum which have so profoundly moved us, or left upon our hearts such abiding impressions. Here is the old family record, some of its entries made nearly eighty years ago. The handwrit-

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ing is as angular and exact as the lives of the men who wrote here the simple annals of birth, and marriage, and death. It is quite the fashion in certain quarters in our city to sneer at the rigid exactness of our Puritan ancestors. In answer we say, men judge of laws and systems, as well as of trees, by their fruits. While our grandfathers' ways were ofttimes unlovely, they produced a civilization which has become the marvel of the world, and made New England the synonym of highest mental and moral achievements on two continents.

The ancestors of both father and mother came to this State with Gov. Winthrop, two hundred and fifty years ago. The records of this old book go back to 1729. Here are the good old Bible names of Joseph, Lemuel, and Hezekiah, Rebecca and Mary; and in two short lines the brief history of each is told.

But this old book is chiefly of value now for records of quite another kind, — records which tell of the soul's experiences rather than the simple passage of time. Fifty years ago my grandmother lay dying, and gave this book into my mother's hand. So, for a half century, it has lain on the stand in the living room, within easy reach. It watched the soft hands which turned its pages become hard with toil, and then began to tremble with the weight of years. It

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saw bright eyes grow dim, and glasses laid upon the open page. It watched the children come and go, smiling upon us in its silent way as it disclosed its pictures to our boyish gaze; admonishing us in the temptations of youth, and speaking tenderly to us, like an old friend, as we went back to its pages after the lapse of years. Time ploughed its ridges in the graveyard, — some for blossoms, and some for the tall and bearded grain, — still this book lay in its place, and whispered its messages of hope and immortality. I have often heard mother tell how her baby who died before I was born, when he saw her weeping, as she came back from the churchyard, threw back this very cover and cried out, as if he read the words, "The Lord he is God, the Lord he is God!" The dust could not gather on its covers, for the duties of no day were begun until the family had turned to it for comfort, for wisdom, and for help. It saw the children go, one after another, until father and mother were alone. There they sat side by side, as they did fifty years before. Their chairs are close together; the old man holds the aged hand as lovingly as he held the hand of his bride, while in tender tones, this old book open upon her lap, she reads the words of life. A few years ago they decided to read the book in regular succession, and mark each

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chapter as they read; and here you may see over every chapter five marks, and six as far as the Book of Samuel. So in the afterglow of life they sat and read through five times this book, which David said shall be "a lamp unto my feet." Is it any wonder that they could say, "At eventide it is light"?

Is it strange that they were familiar with the Bible, or that we who loved them prize beyond gold the pages turned so often by tender, trembling hands?

It was mother's custom to write opposite a passage the name of the preacher who had used it for his text in the little church at home. These make up an interesting record. Some of the preachers are now pastors of great churches, secretaries, and bishops, and many of them have passed to the church triumphant above.

But I prize the old book most for the heart history which is written here. As I open it, I read on the title-page, in the handwriting of my mother, "O Book of Life, how blest thou art!" There are many tear-marks upon these yellow pages, for they were often read when crape was on the door, or some precious life hung trembling in the balance. In 1861 my brothers bade their mother good-by, and marched to the field of battle. After one of those fearful battles in the Wilderness, the youngest was reported

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wounded. In a little time a telegram came from Washington, "If you wish to see your son alive, come at once." Father took the next train for the capital; and mother, feeble and almost broken-hearted, betook herself to prayer. It was in that day of awful anxiety that this old book, wet with tears, lay open in her lap, and she left her testimony to a Christian's faith by putting in brackets that triumphant strain from the 23d Psalm, "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*" Some years ago I read at home a chapter at morning prayers. It was the forty-first chapter of Isaiah. Mother stopped me at the tenth verse and said, "Isn't the word precious written there?" "Yes," I replied, "how came it? And how happened you to remember it?" "I can never forget it," she said. "It will be forty years next spring; father had gone away to preach [they never called each other by any name but father and mother] and would not be back for three months. That was years before you were born. I had four boys, the youngest two years old. It seemed to me I could not bear the burden of my anxiety and loneliness, and in my agony I went to the Bible, as I had so often done before. I opened the book, and put my finger on the page at random,

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and that was where it rested, '*Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, For I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.*" It was then that I wrote the word *precious* there. I have never been the same woman that I was before that reading. Whenever I am troubled or in sorrow, one look at the verse and the pencil mark comforts me." Last month I met the man who was then her pastor, and he spoke of the marvellous change which came into her life, a change so marked that all the church felt it. Though she had shrunk from public speech up to this time, at the next prayer-meeting she led in prayer, and it was a second Pentecost. Her pastor relates that a class-leader touched him and said, "What a power! She prays like an angel from heaven!"

Thus, throughout this book are scattered these triumphant vindications of the promises of God, proven in the thick of the battle. They were strong enough before; but is it nothing that they bear my mother's attestation, "Tried and found true"? In sickness, for she hardly knew a day without pain for forty years; in the parting from friends, for she had followed many to the churchyard, and often looked upon these pages through a mist of tears; in the loss of property, for she had suffered much at the hands of her

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friends; in burdens without number, for she had many and peculiar trials,—in all these sorrows she had written here, to last as long as these old pages endure, the triumphant exclamation of the dying Joshua concerning the promises of God, "Not one thing hath failed thereof."

This old book carries me back a generation, to those delightful Sunday afternoons in my childhood. I remember how I stood at her side, and and looked up in her sweet face. It was wrinkled even then, but the wrinkles were the marks of smiles and not of frowns. She thought so much of heaven that her eyes unconsciously followed her thought; and in every hour of meditation they were turned upward, till she bore upon her brow the marks of hopeful expectancy. It was under such circumstances that I learned the sweet stories of the Bible, and heard about the Christ who loved little children. Thus we hallowed the Sabbath in our humble home. With mother's arms around my neck, and my head against her shoulder, I could not fail to love the words she read, "*As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.*" In tired, lonely hours I am fain to say, —

> "Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
> Take me again to your heart as of yore!"

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Mother in her later years was a great reader. She knew the works of Fletcher, Wesley, and Adam Clark better than any of her children. All the religious papers which came to the home she eagerly read, and every passage which especially impressed her she cut out, or carefully marked to read to some friend. She kept her best clippings in this book, where she would see them often. She brought it to me one day, a year or two ago, and said she feared it was going to pieces, as it would not shut as it used to. As I noticed its plethoric condition, a suspicion crossed my mind of the probable trouble. I proceeded to take from its pages some hundreds of clippings which she had put there to read and keep. When these were removed, it resumed its normal size, but the covers bear marks of the strain which was thus put upon them. Since these clippings went in one by one, as the occasion came, it did not occur to her that the book was overloaded.

In looking the Bible over after mother's death, I found these selections among others. They were published, I think, in *Zion's Herald*. They are so suggestive and beautiful, permit me to read parts of them to you. Here is one singularly in line with the thoughts of this hour. It was found soon after one of her sons had presented her with a new Bible.

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"So you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay.
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday, you say.
Yes, mine is a worn-out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin;
But there's never a missing page.

And the finger-prints call back my wee ones
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again, in the twilight, their faces
Look up to me, eagerly sweet.
It has pencil-marks pointed in silence
To words I have hid in my heart;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned, can never depart.

"There's the verse your grandfather spoke of
The very night that he died;
'When I shall wake in His likeness
I, too, shall be satisfied.'
And here, inside the old cover,
Is a date; it is faded and dim,
For I wrote it the day the good pastor
Baptized me — I've an old woman's whim

That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting,
And when by and by I shall go,
That he will lead me into that kingdom,
As into this one below.
And under that date, little Mary,
Write another one when I die;
Then keep both Bibles and read them.
God bless you, child, why should you cry?

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Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasps of gold.
Put it carefully into that drawer;
I shall keep it till death; but the old —
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night."

—*London Christian.*

As an expression of the simple trust and the deep humility which marked her life, these stanzas are most appropriate: —

"There's rest for weary hearts down here,
And home for stainless souls up there;
I need not wear the chain till death,
I need not till my latest breath
In bondage go.

The pastures green are here, not there;
His love brings rest and peace, not fear;
Believing now, I share that rest,
For God is sure to give what's best
His trusting child.

God asks no servile life from me;
I will His will; that makes me free.
What wonder, then, if all along
My lips and life are full of song,
For He is mine!

A life of worry, want, and wear,
A life of discord, doubt, and care,
I may not, will not, live on earth;
It ill becomes the second birth
Of God's own child.

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And He is king in this poor heart,
And I am glad to take a part
In any burden, work, or cross,
Reproach or sorrow, pain or loss,
That honors Him.

Not what He gives is my chief bliss,
But what He is; and mine be this,
To know, to love, to serve, adore,
My Saviour, King, forevermore,
This is my heaven."

There was a sad prophecy in the following poem, which was cut by mother's hand and treasured here. Father was eighty years of age when mother left us.

"LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

What did you say,— breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late;
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go, tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can;
My old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart!
Lies t'other side o' the door.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day —
Too old to be left alone!
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips! so white —
For the first sad hours in sixty years
You were out of my reach last night.

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I can't rest, deary — I cannot rest;
  Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden post —
  The house is so deathly still;
Wander, and long for a sight of the gate
  She has left ajar for me —
We had got so used to each other, dear,
  So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
  She made me a better man,
From the moment I kissed her fair young face,
  And our lovers' life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me,
  And out of the seven, not one
But the noblest father in all the land
  Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord! I'll be patient,
  But I feel so broken up;
At eighty years it's an awesome thing
  To drain such a bitter cup;
I know, there's Joseph and John and Hal,
  And four good men beside,
But a hundred sons couldn't be to me
  Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair!
  So winsome and good and sweet!
She had roses twined in her sunny hair,
  White shoes on her dainty feet;
And I held her hand — Was it yesterday
  That we stood up to be wed?
And — No, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,
  And my dear wife, Polly, is dead."

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The last selection tells its own story, and was most appropriate to the two pilgrims who had journeyed so long together.

"WAYFARERS.

[The story connected with the following touching lines, whose author is not known, adds new beauty to their tender pathos. A few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-three, there died in Boston a Christian man who for three years before his death had read the following verses to his aged wife every evening after family prayers before retiring. One of the wayfarers has reached home; the "tired feet" of the other are nearing the same blessed country.]

"The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But oh, my love, my darling!
No ill to us can come,
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling,—
So tired the tender feet!
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!
For lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep!

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But oh, my love! press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set
We two are going home." — *Advance.*

When Napoleon asked one of the wisest of French women what was the greatest need of France, she replied, "Mothers!" A noble motherhood is everywhere the surest prophecy of a noble state; but we must have a Christian motherhood. A Christian home will insure Christian men and women for the future, and that means a Christian nation. Mother, let your boy be able to say of you when you are gone, "She was a Christian." Give the Bible a place in your home. It is the secret of holy, noble living and triumphant dying. Some of you have relics which have come down as heirlooms from other generations — broad acres held by the family for scores or hundreds of years, ancestral plate which has gleamed across the table for many a year, costly silks and laces which decked bride or groom a hundred years ago; but I would not give up this old book for any or all of them. No words can express what this legacy is to me. A few months since, as my mother lay dying, she whispered in my ear that she wished me to have certain things.

I said, "Mother, there is one thing I would like — the old Bible."

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I had seen how it had inspired her joys, assuaged her sorrows, and hushed her fears, as she trod the toilsome ways of life; and in the solemn hour when her feet touched the river's edge, I saw its promises still remaining as the one comfort of her soul. I am sure, therefore, that whoever guides his life by this book is wise, and in the flood of great waters he who stands upon its promises shall not be moved.

"This book is all that's left me now.
Tears will unbidden start.
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

Thou truest friend man ever had,
Thy constancy I've tried.
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die."

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A REFUGE FOR THE FAMILY

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark." — *Genesis* vii. 1.

THE chemical elements of which water is composed are everywhere present in the air we breathe: a single chemical or electric change is sufficient to unite them. There is constantly floating above us, in the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, a sufficient quantity of water to cover the earth with an ocean more than two miles in depth. Though a single chemical disturbance would be sufficient to precipitate this deluge upon the earth, science unites with the Bible in saying, that the final destruction of this earth will be by fire and not by water. To the inspired declaration, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," science answers, "Amen." It has also given its assent to another Bible declaration. It once affirmed that there had been no universal flood. It now makes late amend by telling us that several floods have ingulfed the world, in whole or in

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part, since it came forth from its mother Chaos. Science has certainly nothing to offer against the Noachian flood, and it is not necessary for us now to consider whether it was partial or universal.

Because of the degradation of our race God sent a flood upon the earth. One man out of a race is faithful, and him God uses to accomplish his purposes. We speak of Job as the most patient of men, and he deserves all we say in his praise; but what shall we say of Noah, God's chosen helper? At work for a hundred and twenty years on one idea! The fanatic of his time — such a man as we call to-day a crank. His counsel contemned, his advice rejected, jeered at, and despised, but still he toils on.

I think I find one secret of his continuance in the fact that he was *at work*. Men lose faith when they are idle. I know of no tonic so helpful as work. If your heart is full of anguish let your hands be full of work, and soon your own heart will grow warm and happy, as you behold what you have done for others. It is a church at work which is a church of faith. The world is looking to see your faith worked out at your finger-tips; and when it finds what church cares most for the poor, and works hardest for the unfortunate and the fallen, it will know what church to join.

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I see the timbers for the ark scattered over the ground, acre after acre. Do you realize how great a work Noah had undertaken? Reckoning twenty-one inches for a cubit, he is to construct a vessel five hundred and twenty-five feet long, eighty-seven feet wide, and fifty-two feet deep, and so built as to hold nearly a third more than the Great Eastern, though that was six hundred and ninety-one feet long, eighty-three feet wide, and fifty-eight feet deep. In 1609 Jansen, a Holland shipbuilder, found out that a vessel built on the model of the ark would hold one third more freight than one of the same cubic feet built in the usual way. The seventeenth century had to go back four thousand years to a man who never had seen the ocean, to learn how to build a ship. See him work on! There are massive structures begun, or great schemes commenced foolishly, in our land, and when the originator gives it up, or it is manifestly unwise, the neighbors name the pile after him, and call it "Smith's Folly" in Ohio, and "Stewart's Folly" in New York. So for a hundred years they called that pile of timber "*Noah's Folly.*" Children were born, came to manhood, were married, held their children's children on their knees, and still the poor deluded man toiled on.

Some of us Christians get discouraged if a

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week intervenes between our prayer and its answer. We talk about our faith being shaken because a few months roll by and we are apparently unanswered. What do you think of a faith which did not waver for a hundred and twenty years? Faint-hearted Christian, study that picture from the world's twilight until you catch its spirit! You have the light of the ages and the confidence of a wonderful history. Noah had neither, but he held on to an unheard-of thing with a grip which a century of waiting did not loosen. As Martin Luther quaintly says, "He held on to Him whom he saw not as if he saw Him."

But it comes at last; and, notice this, *it comes as soon as he is ready.* The clock of God's providence waits until the hour before it strikes, but it never fails to strike when the hour comes. This is as true in your life as in the life of Noah. You have asked God for some things, and wondered because they did not come. God could not send them, for you were not in condition to receive them. Every day of faithful service hastens the hour when God shall be able to give you that greater blessing for which your soul longs.

There are portents of the coming storm. The hand of God is slipping the bolts of the flood-gates, and the fountains of the deep are breaking

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their bounds. All this the careless world heeds not, but the ear of faith hears the warning voice, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." He has listened long for that voice; he hears it and obeys. "And the Lord shut him in." Let the floods come: let the fountains of the deep be broken up. Let the hills sink out of sight, and the mountains hide themselves in the uplifted seas. When God builds an ark it will be safe and safely piloted. The man who has trusted God will see the time when he does not need your sympathy. The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind fine. Once the man of faith was scoffed at and despised. Where now is the scoffer and the careless?

"He could not arouse them; unheeding they stood,
Unmoved by his warning and prayer.
The prophet passed in from the on-coming flood,
And left them to hopeless despair.

The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came on,
The heavens as midnight grew dark:
Too late then they turned, every foothold was gone;
They perished *in sight of the ark.*"

Noah, by his faith, saves not only himself, but his whole family; and being the first just man who saves others, he becomes the type of the Redeemer who came to save a world.

What a storm is on the world! What wreckage floats along the shores of time! I see the

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pride of manhood, the grace of womanhood, the beauty of childhood, swept down by the tides of passion to the wild dance of death, to the cruel jaws of the breakers. I see the ship with humanity on board foundering and going down. But I see a life-boat pushing out from the shore. It is manned by one whose visage is marred by his struggle for the lost. He has the heart of a Brother, the strength of Omnipotence, and the love of God; and he skirts the shores of time, seeking for shipwrecked souls. Refuge from the storm! Ark of safety for the shipwrecked! "Come thou and all thy house into the ark!"

"The old ark had its door in the side, and the cruel spear of the Roman soldier opened a door of refuge in the Saviour's side." Though but a spear-thrust, it was wide enough to take in a world. Eight for the ark, but billions for Jesus! This ark was a place of safety. "*God shut him in.*" There are many here to testify also of the safety of that life which is hid with Christ in God. Property goes; sickness comes; faces grow white and still; songs change to sobs; roses to immortelles; and death steals in at the window, and all the air is dark with shadows. But even then the angel of His presence folded down sweet promises upon your throbbing heart, and you were comforted.

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Again, who would suppose that any would have refused to come into the ark? But they did. Noah preached a hundred and twenty years, and never made a convert outside of his own house. I fear I should have given up preaching long before, or have asked to be sent to another field. Do we blame the careless men of that time? Ours is the greater condemnation. They had nothing to supplement Noah's faith: we have. For one hundred and twenty years no signs of the flood were seen, but the flood is already apparent to you. They delayed, and the floods came, and they were lost. Shall it be so with you? A pain in your side, cutting its way to your heart. Things grow dark in a moment. The wheels stop, and they do not start. The doctor comes and says, "Nothing can be done." Dead! and outside of the ark!

I presume there were many who were laughed out of coming into the ark. Their comrades say, "That's an old wife's fable. Who ever heard of a flood? Have a good time with us! After us the deluge! Don't let any one frighten you!" Such words as these are echoed even to-day. Not frighten you! Indeed, the city does not hesitate to undertake that. It hangs a red flag of warning over your door, and frightens your neighbors from you. If the small-pox invades your home, it forcibly removes your

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dear one, and will not even allow you to see her. It would force you to the vaccination of your child, that the plague may not spread among us. Would that every one here might be so frightened of evil as to keep clear from every spot which breeds the plague.

Many men, to avoid a sneering laugh, act contrary to their better judgment. Disciples in our day have boldly drawn a sword for the Master, who have yet denied him rather than face a sneer. I know of no weapon sharper than a sneer, to wound the heart of a young disciple. Let men laugh if they will; it will soon be over. Better so than to hear God say, "I also will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh." Shall a man laugh you to your death?

Eighty-four years ago a minister's son walked these streets of ours and was a student in Brown University. He became very intimate with a fellow-student, who sneered at religion and was an avowed infidel. His friend, whose name was E——, gradually planted the same feelings in his heart, and he went home to carry shame and sorrow to his father. When his college course was finished, he was travelling across the country, and as he stopped at a hotel the landlord said, "A young man is very sick in the next room to you. I hope it will not

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disturb you." He went to bed, but could not sleep. Only a partition was between him and a soul that was passing hence! Was he prepared to go? But he tried to throw off such feelings. "What would E—— say if he knew how my infidelity had gone? How could I bear his sneer?" When he came down in the morning he asked how the young man was. "He is dead," they answered. He asked his name and residence. They told him he was a student in Brown University, and his name was E——. It was his college friend — dead without hope.

When he recovered his self-possession sufficiently he started for home. He thought how his comrade's sneers had kept him from God, and now he was dead and lost! He was not content. He entered Andover Theological School, though not converted. Three months afterward he gave his heart to God, and entered the Christian Ministry. His body lies in the coral depths off the coast of Burmah, but his memory is precious, for he was the greatest missionary of the Baptist Church. His name was Adoniram Judson. Kept away from God for years by a sneer, but at last winning thousands for Christ.[1]

Finally, "Come thou *and all thy house* into

[1] Memorial of Dr. Judson. *Wayland*, pp. 22-25.

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the ark." The religion of Jesus is for the whole family. Nineteen hundred passages in the Bible affirm it. You can't take your wife and babies to the lodge-room, or the lecture, or the theatre; but Christ has something for the babies and for the young men, and for the middle-aged and the old. If no one else has come, you come, mother. A mother has more cords drawing her to Christ than has any one else. If all others fail, let baby fingers draw you there. When mother comes I don't believe father can stand it long. Mother's tender way will bring him. Not much is said, but he feels it. He can't scold if he wants to; he would feel better if he could. He stands it till he can stand it no longer; and then he says, "Mother, I'll go with you!" He tries to pray, and they have it out in sobs on each other's shoulder. In the morning, after breakfast, there is a little hush, a strange pause, and father says to the children, "Your mother and I are going to begin a Christian life, and hereafter this is to be a Christian home. We set up the family altar this morning." What is a family altar? It's a place on the parlor floor, on the kitchen floor, large enough for the family to kneel down — that and a Bible make a family altar. A few days after that, the eldest girl comes in, and says, "Mamma, I've been

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praying, and I know Jesus has heard me, and I'm going to be his forever." And some night one of the boys asks his father to come to his room before he goes to bed. And when his father comes, he turns the key and says, "I can't stand it any longer. The home is so different from what it was. You and mother have been praying for me, and I can't get away from it." And then he breaks down, and they pray. When the door opens it's hard to tell which is the happier. So the children come to Christ, and the neighbors say, "What a happy home."

The years go by. The boys and girls are scattered, but bear precious seed wherever they go. Some day the doctor's carriage stands at the old homestead, and when it goes away father goes down to the office and sends a telegram: "Please come home, children, mother is poorly." They come and stand around the bed. She simply says, "I'm going home now, children. I dreamed last night I saw the little baby we lost almost forty years ago; and he clapped his little hands, and said, 'I'm so glad you've come!' Be kind to father, for he's getting old; and now, if you'll sing one of the hymns we used to sing, I think I'll go to sleep." And so she fell asleep, and she was at home. One on earth, one forever in heaven — all in the ark, thank God!

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THE MOTHER'S WAGES

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." — *Exodus* ii. 9.

ON the bosom of the Nile mighty fleets have floated, and on its banks great battles have been fought, in the centuries past. The sources of its waters are among the later secrets which daring men have wrested from the hand of Nature at the cost of many lives and much treasure. There are many names of modern times which will be forever associated with it — Livingstone, Gordon, Grant, Speke, Stanley. Up its waters many helpful influences are yet to go for the enlightenment of the Dark Continent, and humble worshippers shall sing the songs of Christian faith upon its banks, as now they sing them along the Hudson or the Mississippi.

Though many a brave prow has cut its waters, measured by influence, the greatest bark it ever bore was a willow basket with a babe for captain and crew. But it had an unseen Pilot, who steered it to a haven provided by the daughter of a king. It is not necessary that I should

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rehearse the pleasing story of the rescue of the child Moses, or dwell at length upon the fact that he who is to deliver a race from a Pharaoh's chain is nourished in a Pharaoh's palace. You remember how unwittingly the child's mother is selected by his rescuer as his nurse.

"It chanced: eternal God that chance did guide."

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," said Neferari to Jochebed, and she places the child in his mother's arms. The mother has him only until he is three years old; but in that time, with such subsequent visits as she may have made as a domestic at the palace, she so impresses his heart with the promises of God and the glorious future of his people, that all the wisdom of the Egyptians does not obliterate the impression. So profound are his convictions under her teaching, that he chooses the reproach of Israel rather than the riches of Egypt. Wise mother! you thought only to lead a child, but you have led a nation, and in preserving unspotted that little life a race has been preserved to God. Greater deeds are often wrought in a Hebrew hovel than in a Pharaoh's palace.

The command of Pharaoh's daughter is the same which accompanies every traveller who

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floats into our homes from an unknown shore. Train this child for me. It is God's property. The object of all training should be thoroughly settled at the very beginning. How will you intelligently instruct a child if you have no well-conceived plan or purpose in that instruction?

The trainer of that horse is training him for speed. He will put no heavy burdens upon him. He will allow nothing which can possibly incapacitate him when the time shall come to win the prize. Will you be less careful with an immortal soul? The trainer will hardly leave his charge when the lists are open, so careful is he lest harm should come to the object of his care.

But I have heard fathers and mothers say, "I do not believe in interfering with a child in the matter of his relations to God." Hear it, angels, and shudder! And is there no difference between vice and virtue, heaven and hell, God and the Devil, that a child should not be moved by every power that love can bring to choose one or the other? Not taught concerning God! That is the first business you have with your child, and it is the special purpose for which God gave him to you. "The child will find out for himself." You do not allow him to do that in any other important matter.

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You even insist upon his articles of food. The child has a choice of his own, but you say, "No, my child, that will harm you; you cannot have it." And you insist even in the face of the child's protest and tears.

You hire teachers at great expense, and supplement their teaching with your own earnest endeavors. Will you do less in matters of moral instruction? It is true, as you have said, the boy may find out; but one does not find out what poison will do in his system until he has taken it, and then it is too late to help him. Many a man has found out the folly of evil sowing, but it was after the harvest had come.

If your child were to be adopted by some king, at a certain age, if he could pass a requisite examination, how you would talk of that king and the requirements. You would speak often of that country, of its people, its laws, and its customs. But, though your child is an heir to an everlasting kingdom, I fear he is not often told of the requirements of that kingdom, nor led lovingly to pattern his life after Christ, the Elder Brother.

You have more than an individual interest; for the great questions of morality and religion in the nation and the world are to be settled for the next fifty years by the children of to-day.

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All unknown to you, you are daily, it may be, in association with those who are to make or mar the destinies of a nation. John Trebonius, the instructor of Martin Luther, always appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "There may be among them," said he, "those who shall be learned doctors, sage legislators, nay, princes of the Empire." Even then there was among them that solitary monk who shook the world. Great destinies are being wrought out in the humblest home, and high dignity is granted to every mother; for "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

"It is strange," as said the Greek philosopher, "that we spend so much time in gaining property and so little on those to whom we are soon to leave it all." When you and I have passed away, questions which have long vexed us will be settled, and some man who is now a child in the cradle will solve the problem. Departed kings have left behind them pyramid, and parthenon, and colosseum, statue and triumphal arch, to tell of their wealth or power; but the mother who leaves the imprint of Christ upon her child, shall have sweet recompense and blessed memorial when arch and statue have crumbled to dust.

As to methods of training I have little to say. The wise mother will find the best methods

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by experience. Each child needs a method suited to his peculiarities. No method can be named of universal application. There are, however, some things which it is always wise to do. To every godless father and mother I say, choose Christ for yourself as the first requisite for the proper discharge of your duties. To the Christian I say, use the means of grace at home. Return thanks to God publicly at every meal. Set up the family altar. Your acts at home are of more significance than your words in church. The children soon see whether your religion is a part of yourself or only a cloak which you put on for an occasion. Outsiders you may deceive, but your children will hold you at your real value.

"And I will give thee thy wages." I have spoken of the blessed return which came to Moses' nurse-mother. In our time we have seen mothers reaping blessed harvests for faithful sowing in the home. It is not many years since we had a signal illustration of this. A mother who had made great sacrifices for her son, who had led him in early years to give his heart to Christ, saw her son chosen by the suffrages of a great people to be their chief magistrate. She sat quietly by, surrounded by senators and diplomates, and saw him invested with the authority of the mightiest nation upon

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the face of the earth, and then she saw him turn, like the grateful son he was, and passing by princes and judges, stoop to print a kiss upon the wrinkled cheek of his mother, who had made him what he was. Faithful mother, thou too shalt witness the crowning of thy child a king unto God. It was only a little time, and the happy mother came to weep broken-hearted over her noble son, shot down by the assassin's hand; but for thee there shall be a coronation in the land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary rest.

Thy wages, then, are sure. Who has not heard of St. Augustine and the more saintly Monica, his mother, who turned him unto God by her sweet, holy life. The depraved John Newton said, the voice of his mother came to him as it were from the dead, and led him back to virtue. John Randolph said, "I should have been an atheist but for the recollection of my sainted mother's prayers."

But for the prayerless mother, what wages! See that man in the gutter. The children turn frightened away; even the tender-hearted pass by on the other side. His lips are foul now, but once a mother delighted to kiss them; the eyes that are so dull now, once shone like the stars. Once there were many who spoke him fair, but none are left to care for him now. It

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was such a man who said to me, "I never had any help at home." How is it with your girl, mother? Is she less interested in the good; does she go less to the house of God and more with worldly companions? I shudder when I think of the drift of society and of literature to-day. Others as good as your girl have drifted from home in a careless hour, and many in this fair city are living a shameful life. Can any of these say also, "I never had any help at home?" No help at home! Think of it! There are enough to help toward sin. Enough to spread the net and to rejoice when one more victim is added to the number. Many to whisper the words of evil which influence the heart; but in the place of all places from which strength should come, no help!

I do not charge any parent with not caring for the body of his child. The community would cry out against such an outrage, and demand that he perform the duties of a parent. I do not say you are not giving your children intellectual training. The law of the State makes that obligatory. But still it is true that the cry of starving childhood is reaching the ear of God. It is a cry for spiritual bread and spiritual instruction. Meet it in the fear of God, dear parents, and your children shall rise here and hereafter to call you blessed.

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LIFE'S VOYAGE

"My days are passed away as the swift ships." — *Job.* ix. 26.

I

SETTING SAIL

FROM the days when Job sounded the gamut of human experience until the present, this life has ever been likened to a voyage over the changeful sea. Its obstacles and dangers are typified by the rocks and bars along the coast. Its afflictions and sorrows find their counterpart in the clouds and storms hurtling through the heavens, and sweeping the yeasty seas. The ribbed hulk half-buried in the sand, her last voyage over, her hold empty, and her decks forsaken, a menace to every coastwise mariner, reminds us, all too plainly, of the broken hulks along the sea of life, which, shorn of beauty, worth, and manhood, are useful only as a warning to any man who sails that way. It is my purpose, in these addresses, to use the familiar incidents of the voyage to enforce practical lessons in everyday life. I confess to have studied these incidents *con amore*.

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In my earlier years I knew well the ships and wharves of our greatest whaling-city. I knew the names of her vessels, and their history. I saw them putting in the stores for what seemed to me a lifetime in the Arctic; and then, with the pilot, I went down the bay that I might be the last familiar face to climb over the ship's side as they stood out to sea. There were great-hearted men among them, — brave, generous, and true, and susceptible to peculiar temptations. They were to be gone four years among icebergs and winter seas. Their frail vessel was liable to be crushed, like an egg-shell, between mountains of ice, without remedy or remainder. They were my own friends and parishioners, some of whom I had led to Christ, and whose spiritual welfare was ever uppermost in my thought; and I watched every incident of the voyage with interest and followed them with prayers. I knew well the dangers of their adventurous voyage, for I had held funeral service where there was no coffin to be covered with flowers, nor white face to be touched by lips or tears. Many a fathom deep that body lies!

"No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless serge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge."

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So, as they sailed away, I watched them with moistened eyes, until their white sails ceased to fleck the sky, and then turned away, saying to myself, "When shall I see them again?"

I am thinking to-night of another voyage. I do not see the old-time crowding of the wharves, nor hear the parting call. There is no creaking of windlass, nor jolly chorus of sailors, as the anchor heaves atrip. But there are scores here getting ready for a longer voyage. I am more interested in this than in the other, for you voyage but once. In this voyage, habits ship for crews, eternal riches crowd the decks, prayers are in the sails, and you clear for hell or heaven. I ask myself not *when* shall I meet you, but *where*, and *how?*

If you find the port of peace, willing crews must lift the sails to favoring winds, and stand watch by day and night for rocks and wrecks; and a trusty Pilot, who knows the sands and tides, must guide you by a certain Chart. To help you in the choice of crew and pilot, to tell you of each favoring breeze, and warn you of each hidden bar and rock, I ask the aid of the great Pilot of the deep.

Let us answer to-night the question: *When shall I set sail?*

Shakspeare spoke like a wise man when he wrote: —

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"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

It is annoying to arrive at the station too late for the train. It would be a grief and disappointment to secure passage on an ocean steamer, and reach the wharf in time to see only the white wake of the steamer down the bay. But who shall describe his anguish, who in middle-life awakes to the fact that the spring-tides of his life are passed, that the great opportunities of his youth are gone forever, and no lament can bring them back? The refrain which rises to his lips becomes the voice of his condemnation: "It might have been!" It is a fearful thing to feel the galling of a chain which we ourselves have forged; to realize that, struggle we never so hard, the struggle is useless, and that what was once within our reach, mocks us now from heights we cannot scale.

Ah, my son, the tide still rises! Yonder are the ripples, couriers of the coming breeze; white-capped waves gleam down the bay. Pipe all hands! spread every sail! steer for the open sea, and the far port of peace!

"Let no man despise thy youth," said Paul to Timothy. He did not mean that Timothy was to be the embodiment of arrogant assump-

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tion. Such a spirit in any age is an impertinence. There is nothing lovely in that sophomoric spirit which is too often displayed by young men, — the spirit of irreverence, of wild daring, of hardened precocity. We have our young men of eighteen who have sounded all the depths of sin. They are impatient of all law and restraint, both of home and of society; and the opinions of older men are to them but the relics of a fossil age. Having gained all wisdom at eighteen, it becomes a matter of some interest to know how they will spend the next fifty years, if they should be so unfortunate as to continue that length of time on this mundane sphere.

In spite of the large number who make their youth synonymous with folly, it is still the fact that the record of success is largely the record of youth. Let me rehearse the story of the achievements of famous men in the days of their youth.

We are accustomed to think that age and long experience are necessary to plan great campaigns and win great battles, but listen to what young men have done upon the battle-field. Hannibal was only thirty when he stood victorious at Cannæ, and Rome trembled. Charlemagne was master of France and Germany at thirty. Napoleon was only twenty-seven when

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he outgeneralled and defeated the old field-marshals of Austria. The great Condé was twenty-two when he won the victory at Rocroi. Alexander, the conqueror of untold millions, wept that he had no other world to conquer, and died at thirty-two. Not less marked have been the triumphs of youth in statecraft. Bolingbroke was secretary of war at twenty-six; Richelieu at thirty-one. William Pitt was in Parliament at twenty-one, chancellor of the exchequer at twenty-three, prime minister at twenty-four. Young Chatham had already received many of the highest offices in the gift of his nation, when he pleaded guilty to the "atrocious crime" of being a *young man*.

In our own country, Clay was senator at thirty, and Calhoun was state representative at twenty-nine. Alexander Hamilton was in Congress at twenty-two, at thirty-two he was the foremost statesman in America. Webster says, "He smote the dead corpse of public credit, and it arose and stood upon its feet."

In art and literature the achievements of young men have astonished the world. Michael Angelo was twenty-nine when he carved his statue of David. Raphael and Pascal had finished their life-work and were dead at thirty-seven; Mozart at thirty-six. Shakspeare wrote *Hamlet* at thirty-six; Keats wrote *Endymion* at

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twenty-two, and died at twenty-five; that marvellous poem, *Thanatopsis*, was written when Bryant was only nineteen.

Such illustrations might be multiplied to show the actual achievements of youth in every field of great endeavor. Many of you are conscious of a power within, struggling for expression. Give it scope, or it will die. If you repress it now, you will long for it in coming years, but long in vain. I would not have you deduce from the facts I have given, that every man is to make his mark before he is thirty, or, failing in that, will never be heard from. There are some whose powers mature slowly, but maintain an increasing virility far into old age. It still remains true, however, that in every case youth has its opportunities and capacities, and all the after years are dependent in large measure upon their improvement. Live as long as you may, the first twenty years of your life are more pregnant with results than all the remaining years.

I have spoken thus far of the relations of youth to secular concerns. May I ask your attention to concerns of even greater importance? Your success as scholar, artist, statesman, or poet is but for a little time; but your success as a *man* you carry with you forever. In this regard the improvement of youth

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becomes in the highest degree important. Bacon, the sculptor, ordered the following inscription placed upon his tomb in Whitefield's Chapel: "What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Jesus Christ is the only thing of importance to me now." None are too young to begin a Christian life; and grace, like the seed in the farmer's hands, needs to be sown in the springtime to bring the best results. Samuel and John were sanctified unto God from their birth; Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. Polycarp, dying at ninety-five, had served God eighty-six years. Baxter was converted when a child; Jonathan Edwards at seven years of age; Isaac Watts at nine; Matthew Henry at eleven, and Robert Hall at twelve. When will the church realize that a child need not wander fifteen years or more in the Devil's pastures before it is worth while to seek him, and bring him into the Lord's fold. Happy that fold from which the lambs never stray! Happy that shepherd who heeds his Lord's command: "Feed my lambs!" Mothers, do not hinder your children from coming to the children's Christ. Do not say they are not old enough to understand the obligations of a Christian life. They are old enough to *obey*, and obedience is all God requires.

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Let no man despise thy youth. In other words, let your youth be such as to win the approval, and not the condemnation, of men. If you have a happy old age, it will be because you lived wisely in your youth. Life is not a thing of chance. "*Whatsoever* a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Are you saying, Let us have a good time now? That means sorrow and shame by and by. If you will use your time foolishly, wait until you are old: it will matter less then. In the springtime the kind, and largely the degree, of the harvest must be settled. Sow now the good seed. Weeds are more prolific than grain; and many a young man has found out to his cost, that his *wild oats* have brought him a harvest fearful in its abundance as well as bitter in its kind.

And now, my voyager, up sail! Take an observation, for you are already far from wharf and drifting on deep seas. It is time you laid your course, and bore away. When a vessel sails from our wharves the owners put their wealth into the captain's hands. He bears sealed orders, not to be opened till the pilot leaves the ship. He alone is now responsible for ship and cargo. He can sail as he will; but a day of reckoning will come, when he must account for his stewardship. You sail with greater treasure than was ever borne over Spanish Main; and

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you, also, must account for your trust. He may founder in some storm, or drift upon some rock, and yet be trusted for a second voyage; but you can try life's voyage but once.

There is a sense in which each man sails under sealed orders, and sails a different route from every other. Like Coleridge's *Mariner*, each can say: —

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

But there is another sense in which we sail the same seas, and seek the same harbor. We face, therefore, the same dangers, and a chart for one is a chart for all. Mark well my words, and you shall not fail of a good voyage and a safe port.

"Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heaven speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands! Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come.
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail there! hold the helm fast!
So, let the vessel wear! there swept the blast.

How gains the leak so fast? Clear out the hold!
Hoist up thy merchandise, heave out the gold!
There, let the ingots go! now the ship rights!
Hurrah! the harbor's near: lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer, straight for the highland.
Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam!
Christian, cast anchor now, heaven is thy home!"

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II

PASSENGERS AND CREW

A WISER man than any one of us wrote: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." In view of the fact thus stated, let me ask in all seriousness the question, *With whom do you intend to sail?*

In 1842 there was a mutiny on board the brig Somers. The arch-conspirator was Philip Spencer, whose father was at that time Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Polk. It was the first mutiny in the American navy. Spencer had approached two others, and inflamed them with his own purpose. The conspiracy was revealed; the men were convicted, and sentenced to be hung. Just before the sentence was executed, — and there was but an hour between the time the commander pronounced sentence and its execution, — Mr. Small turned to his shipmates and said, "I was never a pirate. I never killed a man; but I am now to die. My death is evidence of what a word will do." He spent but a few minutes with a wicked man, but they wrought for him an untimely and ignominious death.

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The mightiest factor in moulding character is personal influence. That is true in the home, in school, in public. If you say that is a trite remark, let me ask, have you always acted in harmony with it? It is the personality of father and mother which has left its stamp upon you, quite as much as their teaching. Every student must acknowledge the same thing true of his professors. It was the personality of Hopkins which drew Garfield to Williams College. Woolsey fashioned the Yale of his day, as Arnold made Rugby. Latin and Greek will be forgotten, but the imprint of the teacher's character will deepen under the hand of time.

Your future self will then be mainly determined by your associates. If you have the opportunity of choice, it is right that you should be judged by the company you keep. I know some of you will object to that, but it will be applied even to you. More than once have I been to the police-station to get the release of a good boy (?) who was caught in bad company. The fact that you choose bad companions, is proof of itself that you are in sympathy with the low and vulgar. You do not wish to swear, to break the Sabbath, to act the rowdy; but you will, or you will get out of the company of those who do. If you sail

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with pirates you must expect a pirate's doom. Little weight will the judge give to your protestations of innocence. He will answer, "You entered this company from choice, therefore you belong to it." The only way for you to become better, is to seek the company of those who are better instructed, better mannered, and better morally, than yourself.

Do not make a companion of a low or wicked man. Do not go into business partnership with such a man. Above all, do not make such a person your partner for life. I have lived long enough to see in human life tremendous emphasis put upon the apostle's prohibition: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." It is possible that the believing wife or husband may lead the unbeliever to a Christian choice and life; but there are two other things which happen, I fear, quite as often. The constant association with one who does not fear God, nor work righteousness, whose choices are selfish and worldly, or even worse, becomes the death of all holy sentiment and godly living; or, what is almost as bad, two hearts drift apart, and each choosing its own way, they lose all common interest, and become dead to each other and those tender and solemn ministrations which they promised at the marriage altar to fulfil until death should them part. Beware

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that you do not awake in middle-life to find yourself joined to one for whose character you can have no respect, but from whom only shame or death can separate you.

I would not dare to say that a business man cannot be a Christian with a profane and vulgar man for a partner, but I do say he will have a terrible burden to carry. His moral tone will be lowered if his religion is not lost; and he will feel, so long as he preserves his integrity, that annoyance and sorrow which virtue must ever feel in the presence of vice. For two such persons there can be nothing in common in the highest realms of life.

Here you are in a great city. Some of you have come from quiet country homes, where the voice of prayer was daily heard. You have brought with you tender recollections of the solicitude of home, and the echo of its instruction and admonitions are all about you; but if you give place to the wicked associations and evil voices which forever haunt the streets you tread, it will not be long before the new associations will crowd out the thoughts of the old, and the far-off voices, though they be tender and true, will be drowned in the sea of evil which rises daily to your ears.

Companions and friends you will have, — it is right that you should: the question presents

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itself, how shall you make the choice? On what basis shall a person be admitted into that charmed circle you call friends? I answer, not on the basis of birth nor intellectual attainment. It is not enough that he belongs to your set, or that his intellectual preferences are similar to yours. The only basis upon which you can choose is the basis of *character*. It is this which divides the sheep from the goats,—a line which crosses all ages, classes, and conditions of men. It reaches to the highest heaven and the lowest hell, and is the only sure standard by which you can abide. A *bad* man, whatever his gifts or attainments, will do you harm. A good man, who is also so congenial as to be chosen by you as a friend, cannot fail to do you good. This mode of choice will not hinder you from helping those who desire to be better; for surely that character which is aspiring to be better cannot, at heart, be bad.

I have asked with whom will you sail? Let me now ask, What crew have you shipped? In other words, What are the *motives* by which you are actuated, and the *habits* which help or limit you? Too many come into life with the idea that money-getting is the supreme aim; that they are to get all they can, and hold all they get. To such, opportunity brings no obligation, and they only value men and the world

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for what they can get out of them. If all acted from such unworthy motives the ruin of the individual and the State would not be far off. The true motive is that which actuated Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Who giveth most, receiveth most; and for him who giveth himself in helpful service for others, men and angels, soon or late, shall wave palms and sing pæans. You have been receiving from others ever since your birth, what have you done in return? You will add to the world's betterment only as you give back more than you have received.

If your motives are unworthy, all your life is ruined. Yours should be a voyage not for self but for help. Many years ago two vessels passed each other on the wide sea, each manned by wise and sturdy sailors, and each successful in its way; but there was an infinite distance between them, in the thought of the wise and the good. One was filled with shackled human beings, borne from their homes to die under the lash of the slaver, or of fever in the cotton-swamp, to satisfy human greed. The other was filled with bread, sent by Christian men to relieve the hunger of starving men and women on the Arran Islands. A difference of motive as wide as this, is seen in the voyagings of human life.

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Be quick in all your sympathies, and let your purposes have the breadth of a great heart. Well has Beecher said, "The voyage of life should be right across the ocean whose waters never shrink and where the keel never rubs the bottom. But men are afraid to venture; and hang upon the coast, and explore lagoons, or swing at anchor in wind-sheltered bays. Some men put their keel into riches, some into sensuous pleasures, some into friendship; and all these are shallow for anything that draws as deep as does the human soul. God's work in each age, indicated by the great movements of his providence, is the only thing deep enough for the heart. We ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea; whereas, in fact, thousands are like men who enter the mouths of rivers and sail upward, finding less and less water every day, and in old age they lie shrunk and gaping on the sand."

I know how easily bad habits are formed, and I know their power. In the East they tell the story of a prince who laid himself to rest within a cave. He watched a spider spin his web across the narrow entrance. Once, and again, and again the spider passed, and each time left a tiny cord. So he went on with his work, and the prince watched until the entrance seemed closed by the silvery web. Rested by his repose, the prince

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awoke and arose with a smile to brush away the web; but as he slept each tiny cord had turned to steel. No power of his could break a single thread, and he turns back to his cave to die. Thus, in Eastern imagery, is told the strength of the chain which habits weave. Beware of the soft thread which leads you now! it will one day become a fetter of brass. Great harvests press close upon the heels of these sowers. "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny."

But, further, what of the crew. I began with a story of mutiny. When the captain of that vessel reached home, he was tried for manslaughter, but was acquitted. All civilized nations have enacted, that mutiny upon the high seas shall be held as a capital crime. Alas, on the high seas of life there is many a mutiny! Which is it, my friend, for you? Will you pace the quarter-deck as master, or go below in irons lashed by the crew? Before God I fear some of you are already prisoners! Your habits have mastered you. There's mutiny! The hatches are down. You are a prisoner on your own craft. The flag with skull and crossbones is at the masthead, and the mutineers are taking you, God only knows where. Has Samson yet power enough to snap the cords?

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You know the evil habit which is strongest. Have at it! before it carries you off with taunt and sneer, a blind prisoner to grind forever in the prison-house of your enemies.

Finally, it is for you to say whether the hands that lift the sails of your craft shall be the hands of greed and selfishness, or helpful, loving hands; whether your habits shall be such as will help you on your voyage as an obedient crew, or whether they will take you where they will. If your motives and habits shall be of the first kind, it will be written over your stranded soul, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters, the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the sea;" if they are of the second kind, a helpful crew shall bring you, with saintly fellow-voyagers, full-cargoed into port, and the trumpets of God shall sound for you on the farther shore.

III

PILOTS AND CHARTS

It will make comparatively little difference whether you send your cargo to sea in schooner, bark, brig, or ship; but it will make all difference in the world how you steer your vessel when once it is afloat. The rock which sinks

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the schooner will also wreck the stately ship. By so much as you are deeply freighted, by so much will your danger increase, if you try the shallow waters which gleam in sunny bays.

There are so many who believe that the direction of life's voyage is to be settled by the choice of vocation, that it becomes necessary for me to speak of that matter before I address myself to another phase of my theme, which is to me of more vital importance. A large number here have reached the time when they must settle the question of school or business, trade or profession. Before you settle that question, let me remind you that it is not the profession which honors the man, but the man who gives dignity to the profession. It is useless and wicked to create caste in society on the ground of occupation. The true man does not measure others by the texture of coat, or ease of occupation. The man who shaves faces may be quite as honorable as the man who shaves notes; and a blacksmith's hammer in the hand of a strong, true man, is better than a yardstick in the hands of fashion's slave. George Peabody was as much a *man* when he kept a grocery store in Massachusetts, as when, the most prominent banker in London, he had the entrance of the royal palace.

Having divested ourselves of the idea that

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employments are of themselves high or low, good or bad, we are prepared to consider what ours shall be. My first rule is, choose that for which you are by nature best fitted. Sydney Smith said, "Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing. If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table, of different shapes, — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, — and the persons acting these parts, by bits of wood of different shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole." You, then, will not choose an occupation simply because it was your father's. If John Adams had done that, he would have been a shoemaker, instead of President of the United States. Let your natural bent assert itself. If you love mechanics, put your whole soul into it, and become as proficient as Stephenson or Edison. Homer and Virgil sang the brave story of arms and men; in the new epic, *tools* will take the places of arms. If your tastes are literary, be a student; if you have no fitness or liking for letters, but only enjoy business, enter such a life without fear or question. It is a great blessing

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to be born with a liking for some particular pursuit. Thus a man's employment will also furnish him enjoyment. If one has no special preference, he must then settle the question of occupation according to the indications with which circumstances surround him.

My second rule is, choose with your future in mind. Many take some temporary employment that promises nothing more, simply because they can get a few more cents to-day, while another, choosing more wisely, takes that which pays less now, but which is helping him onward to a sure competency in the future. The first man finds himself in middle-life with nothing before him but the old weary round, and no hope of bettering himself. He sees too late the folly of his early choice. There are other rules of choice which I would gladly enlarge upon, but I can only name two in passing. Choose that business which promises to give you the greatest opportunity for development in all helpful ways; and again, choose that which will offer fewest temptations to evil along lines where you know yourself to be especially susceptible. Having chosen your occupation, work hard and mix brains with your work. Matthews relates, that when William Gray, our celebrated Boston merchant, reproved a mechanic for some slovenly work, the latter, who had known Mr. Gray

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when he was in humble position, replied, "I sha'n't stand such words from you. Why, I recollect when you were nothing but a drummer in a regiment." — "And so I was," said Gray; "but didn't I drum *well?*"

Important as is the choice of a profession, I have something of greater importance to present to you: —

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players."

In an important sense we do not choose our parts, and we play them but a little time. Our duty is simply to play them well. The hour is hastening when we shall be measured, not by what we have done as lawyers, or merchants, or mechanics, but by our worth as men and women. The great question, therefore, is not what shall I do, but what shall I *be?*

The mere matters of trade and wealth in men of past ages are all forgotten. Their crafts were hull-down long ago. We see now the men who sailed the past, only by the uplift of their sails toward heaven. Over what you *had*, your heirs may quarrel; over what you *were*, the world may rejoice for a hundred generations.

Since the direction of one's life-voyage is not settled merely by his business, the question comes, Who shall be the pilot?

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There are many pilots who beckon to you as you sail. Self-interest offers itself; and some, like Aaron Burr, have tried it. Pleasure, too, is on the lists; and many a man, like Chesterfield, has put the tiller into her hand. Ambition sails away with many a noble vessel, as it sailed with Wolsey and Webster. There are also some friends of yours, who have made shipwreck of their own lives, who volunteer to pilot you. Of such beware! My father taught me long ago that if a man could not manage his own concerns, it was not wise to risk his management of mine. If you were to choose a human pilot, there are men whose lives the world honors: to them I would recommend you. But the human hand sometimes slips at the wheel, and mortal strength and wisdom often fail. I have a better pilot than these: it is the Pilot of Gennesaret. No vessel piloted by Him has ever grounded in shallows, or foundered in the deep.

Before the pilot can be licensed, he must pass a strict examination in all the technicalities of seamanship, and meet successfully the practical tests in the exigencies of a pilot's life. He must have had, also, a long experience in the waters where he is licensed to sail. He will need to know the force of the tide and the way each current sets. All these requirements our Pilot meets. No vessel ever entered the port of peace that

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was not piloted by him. Many have we seen who sailed away with him, and when they were too far away to speak to us, the look upon their faces said, "We are safe in port." He it was who piloted Joseph amid false beacons of lust and crime; Daniel amid the breakers of the princes' wrath; Luther amid the cyclone of papal power; and he is guiding some of these, the gleam of whose sails lies white upon our vision. A great vessel was wrecked off our coast last year by a man who had no right to act as pilot. As soon as the vessel struck, he slipped over her side, and, cutting his boat adrift, rowed away and left her to her destruction. The Devil always does that. He gets a man into trouble, but never helps him out. After he has ruined his victim, he leaves him to his fate. Our Pilot has promised, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Other pilots misjudge the sweep and drift of tides and currents, he never; for he has felt their power upon his own heart, and he knows their force.

This Pilot has a *Chart*, and he will sail by no other. There have been charts many, as well as pilots many. The Persians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, as well as the nations of later centuries, have all had their charts. Even in our time new ones have not been wanting. Tom Paine wrote one, and asked Franklin

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what he thought of it. He replied: "You are perhaps indebted to your religious education for the habits of virtue on which you pride yourself. Among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth should prove his title to manhood by beating his mother. I advise you to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

There is a Chart where shoal waters, surging tides, and hidden rocks are all marked. All other charts need corrections from time to time, but this one never. No one ever found a rock not down in the Chart, and no one ever sailed safely where it had forbidden men to go. I have brought you the testimony of men from all conditions of life, and they all agree with Walter Scott, that "there is but one Book to guide men aright," and that Book I need not name. In the Bank of England is a book giving full directions as to the detection of a counterfeit note. When one is thrown aside as worthless, they say, "It will not stand the book." I ask, with deep anxiety, Will your life *stand the Book?*

The Chart and the Pilot belong togethe. One cannot be used without the other. I pray you drift no longer, exposed to false lights and wicked pilots. You cannot pilot yourself, for

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you have never sailed this voyage before, and you will never sail this way again. If you take the Pilot you must give Him full direction of the wheel. There are some who disobey His directions, sail into forbidden seas, and, as the ship founders, call for Him to take them safely out of their dire distress. What would you think of a captain who would thus act? Be honest, my dear young friend. Give Him the directing of thy life. Give it now; give it gladly; give it forever. He is the only one who knows both the ports of clearance and of entry, and hence the only one who can take thee to the end of thy voyage. There are chill waters yet to ride, — rainy, desolate seas. Breakers are booming along the shores of time, and somewhere, beyond their white crests, are the dark waters which men call death. Study well the Chart, and forget not Him who will be the Pilot of thy soul.

IV

WINDS AND TIDES

THE theory is held by many, that one's success in life is settled by birth, health, and surroundings. If these are propitious, be thankful; if they are against you, be resigned. These per-

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sons are fatalists of the most pronounced type. What is to happen will happen; and, be it good or bad, that is your "luck." While I do not deny the force of circumstances in moulding life and character, I still hold that, —

> "In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men."

In the voyage of life, head winds are better than a calm, and often better, in the end, than fair winds.

One of the first lessons in navigation is to learn how to set and trim the sails to gain the greatest speed. Another lesson is how to take advantage of the tides that are forever putting spurs to, or brakes upon, the vessel as she sails. Gibbon has well said, "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigator." In the world's great race, it is often the man who seems handicapped at the start who wins at last. The rich men of Boston to-day are, for the most part, the young men who came to this city thirty or forty years ago, bringing their only capital with them. Very princes in courage and poverty. It is the man who wears homespun in youth, who wears broadcloth in age. It is the poor and unknown who climb to the seats of the rich, the wise, and the good. To these, difficulties become the source of miracles, and poverty

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is but the "piercing of the maiden's ear that jewels may glitter there." It is an impressive commentary on city life, that but few of those who fill the important positions in our city were born within its limits or enjoyed its educational advantages. It is the boy who walked four miles to school in summer heat and winter cold, who mounts to the topmost rung of the ladder.

We find this exemplified in the great men whose history we study with profit, and whose example we do well to imitate. It is but a hundred years since Franklin walked these very streets, possessed of wealth and reputation, where once he had walked poor and unknown. "Time and I against any two" was the maxim of Cardinal Mazarin. "Obstacles," says Michelet, "are great incentives." Our souls are awed by Beethoven's oratorios, but do you know he was too deaf to hear them himself? The grandest descriptions of place and circumstance were written by the blind Milton. He did his greatest work when he was poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, and persecuted. Many a man, by nature a good speaker, because of his ease of production has lived unknown, while a tongue-tied Demosthenes becomes, by struggle, the greatest orator of the world. Disraeli fails; but as he retires from the House of Commons, amid laughter and sneers, he cries, "They shall hear me

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yet;" and they did. Even prisons have been the fruitful mother of the greatest intellectual efforts. There Boëtius, and Grotius, Raleigh, Luther, and Bunyan wrote their matchless works. Shelley has said of poets: —

> "Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Schiller wrote his tragedies under the torments of disease. The palsy which fell upon Handel shook from his hand his matchless compositions, *Israel in Egypt*, *Samson*, and *Messiah;* and Mozart struck from his soul, in the bitterness of disease and debt, the melodies that make his name immortal.

All these but relate to those transitory struggles and successes which soon pass out of sight, but the principles I have set forth are as widely applicable in that sphere of action which is coextensive with the soul's life. Head winds on every sea are right for royal sails. "No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity. That man is not tried whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions, but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward."

We say to ourselves, that if we only had wind and tide with us in life's voyage, we would make great progress. But alas, those are the men who

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tie the wheel and go below! They call down the lookout, they forget the chart, and are aroused too late, by the booming of the surf, to find they have passed, in their carelessness, the narrow entrance into port, and are on the rocks. Not so the man who contests every inch of the way against opposing winds and tides, — who stands ceaseless guard at the wheel, and must trim his sails and change his course to take every advantage of breeze and current. "Why wasn't I born rich and talented," do you ask? "Why have I had the discipline of sickness and failure?" It's a part of the plan of the Father to save your soul. Some of you would have been in prison to-night, your proud ship an everlasting wreck on the shores of the lost, if God had not sent the waves of trouble to buffet your soul. The manner of our voyage is less important than its result. Happy for us if we can say at last,

> "Safe home! safe home in port,
> Rent cordage, shattered deck,
> Torn sails, provision short,
> And only *not* a wreck."

Our head winds keep us from entering many ports on this side of the sea which we would gladly enter. We sought to do it, but were not able. Storms closed the ports of wealth and am-

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bition against us. It was these which led us to turn our prows from rock and shoal, and put with God to sea. What strange head winds have buffeted those who in all the world's history have brought the grandest cargoes into port. Yonder is Joseph in prison. Surely, God has forgotten to be just. Read on! before you finish the story you will see it was his troubles which led him to a throne, and for every tear he shed hung a jewel on his neck. In the simple days, when he watched his father's sheep, David kept his integrity. When he fled before the cruel Saul and slept in mountain fastnesses, he had the witness that his ways pleased God. It was when the storm was over, his enemies conquered, and a crown on his head, that he was tempted and fell. When we get into port we shall thank God quite as much for our sorrows as for our joys.

We are not all buffeted by the same winds, nor swept back by the same tides. May I ask you to give a helping hand to those against whom fierce tides set? You may find yourself adrift at another point. This man has a fierce appetite for drink; you have no desire for it, but there may be other desires as sinful, and other passions as evil, which surge through your soul. If you have smooth seas to-day you will need a good look-out. You may outsail your

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brother; but beware! around that headland another tide may set to take you from your course.

Some men have to struggle harder to keep out of jail than other men would to be saints. Faithfulness on the part of such will bring sainthood at last. I have noticed birds upon the water cannot rise save against the wind. So only against natural desires and tendencies do souls find the upper air. We rise by the things we oppose and conquer, — by what we put under our feet.

But, finally, I have been talking very largely of those trials — winds and tides — which all men know. But there are times when the heavens grow black, when the lightnings hold their torches among the shrouds, when the rigging is splashed with foam, when every white wave seems the yawning of frothy jaws, and the thunders are the firing of awful artillery over the graves of the lost. The hands that might have reefed the sails are frozen in the rigging, and Despair, with stony face, is watching for the last wave to roll over you. Have you ever been out in such a night, and in such company?

When, as the Psalmist has it, "You reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at your wits' end," something has to be

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done. What? Why, only one thing. All sailors believe in God. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm." In such an hour, look to the Pilot of Galilee, and trust all with Him.

"Trusting the one great Pilot of the deep
To be for aye my tender, low-voiced Guide,
I look aloft to Him and say,
Though tossed upon life's ocean wide,
All's well, all's well! By day or night, all's well!"

What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him? He is the safe Pilot of whom I have spoken. Ah! the joy of his presence, my friend.

"When His steps were on the mighty waters,
When He went with trembling heart through nights of pain and loss,
His smile was sweeter and His love more dear,
And only heaven is better than to walk
With Christ at midnight over moonless seas."

I want you to win by noble struggle in this world; but I want you, by the help of God, to make your grandest struggle over adverse circumstances and over the tides of evil nature. The reward is in proportion to the struggle. Don't shrink from it: —

"To him who suffering ne'er has known
There is a joy not yet begun,
Who, finding Christ within the storm,
Shall come out in the morning sun."

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I have spoken to the discouraged, for I find that these may be among the young as well as among the middle-aged or old. I know there are many things in your life which you would gladly have otherwise, but their help or injury to you will depend upon the spirit in which you meet them. Then meet them with a strong, brave spirit, and they shall all help in the development of a noble manhood.

"What matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east or blow they west;
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best.
I steadfast toward the haven sail
That lies perhaps not far away."

V

WRECKS AND WRECKERS

To one whom business or pleasure takes along our coast, the weather-beaten ribs of the vessel long stranded, protruding from the sand like some gigantic skeleton of a prehistoric age, is a familiar sight. Remains of sloop, ship, and steamer lie side by side. The aroma of spices is not yet gone from the soaked timbers of the East Indian, and traces of former magnificence

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remain in some stray carving from the steamer's cabin. I never lean against such a hulk that I do not feel almost as if I stood in the presence of a sentient being, beholding a mute appeal for sympathy and aid. It is a sad but interesting study to look over the records of these wrecks. What stories they could tell us of bravery and despair! What groans the tides still awaken in their hollow breasts! But our sadness deepens as the words of Irving come to us. "But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over. They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest. Their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end." It may be no one knows what wreck this is; and all that was ever known of her was, that she sailed from port and was never heard of again. Such was the case with the ill-fated President, the Pacific, and scores of others which foundered in some awful sea, or were sunk in collision, no one escaping to tell the fearful story. We have but little idea how many lives are lost upon the sea. Gloucester and Marblehead, New Bedford and Provincetown, could tell of something of that. More fishermen are lost every year than the British lost during the great wars which grew out of the French Revolution.

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In this century there have been more than five hundred great shipwrecks of English and American vessels, with an average loss of two hundred lives in each case. One hundred thousand watery graves! and this only a small part of the total number of losses at sea. In 1812 the St. George went down with two thousand souls on board. Later in the century, the Atheneum was lost with three hundred and forty-seven lives; the Æneas, with three hundred and forty; the Minotaur, with three hundred and sixty. The President sailed from our shores in 1841, and was never heard from. It had seven hundred names on its lists of passengers and crew. The Birkenhead went down with four hundred and fifty men; the Yankee Blade, with seven hundred and eighty-five; the Arctic, with five hundred and sixty-two. The Central America was burned at sea with a loss of five hundred and twenty-six lives. The Austria, also, made a holocaust of four hundred and seventy-one victims upon her burning decks. The Britannia carried six hundred to a watery grave; the Atlantic followed, with five hundred and sixty-three, and the Asia with eight hundred and twenty-one. Such a graveyard is the sea, and the whitened hulks along its shores are the only memorials of thousands who sleep in its depths. Who can number the mighty host

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which shall arise from wave-swept beds and coral caves in the day when the sea shall give up its dead?

These sad facts suggest thoughts to us of the more fearful wreckage which lines the shores of time. Frail bark and stately ship are there, and the cries which forever sound through their spent cordage and broken sides are the cries of the lost. If our friends went down at sea we comforted ourselves with the thought that the path to heaven was just as short as from the land. Many a song of triumph has floated up to God from the decks of doomed vessels. As an English vessel went down in the Bay of Biscay the last boatload to sail away heard those who remained singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." But, alas, no cry of hope, nor song of faith, ever arises from those wrecks which we are now to consider.

There is a class of men, less numerous than they use to be, who are called wreckers. They live along dangerous coasts, and whenever a vessel is discovered in darkness or stress of weather, they show false lights and signal help, hoping thus to lure the unfortunate ship to its fate. If their purpose is accomplished they plunder both passengers and crew, as well as the vessel. So under guise of help they riot and destroy. They take advantage of one's necessities to work his ruin. I can think of no

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class of men more to be detested, and no kind of action more diabolical. I want to raise my voice to-night against those moral wreckers who ply their awful business in our very midst. The church is the only life-saving station along this dangerous shore, and its business is to watch for shipwrecked men. I shall be glad if God will use me to snatch any soul away from these wreckers; to cheat devils and the devilish of their prey, and lead back to virtue and to home some son or daughter for whom a father's prayers and a mother's tears have been poured forth without stint. Let me warn you now of the headlands and reefs where these wreckers lie in wait for you, that you do not venture near them.

1. The first reef I shall name is covered with the bones of mariners and the sad wreckage of happy homes. The great Tamerlane is said to have built a pyramid of 160,000 skulls taken from those whom he had destroyed or captured in battle. Of those who have been lured to their destruction on the reef of *Appetite* we could build a Mont Blanc. I said that a hundred thousand people had been lost in the great shipwrecks of a *century*, but eighty thousand of our own kindred are buried around this one reef *every year*. Some of the noblest vessels ever launched go to pieces here. Great poets, states-

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men, generals, lawyers, and even ministers, have been wrecked here, with thousands from the common walks of life. From such wrecks no cargo is ever saved. If the sailor escapes alive, he is no comfort to his friends or help to the world. The strong man has become a slave, the rich man a pauper; the kind husband and father a cruel wretch, and society can only hope for his speedy death. In the name of justice, and in behalf of thousands of broken hearts, I ask, What shall be done with these wreckers of society, — with these men who take our boys in the strength of their early manhood, with high purpose marked on their brows, and the gleam of great hopes in their eyes, and in the place of these give us back drivelling sots, without health, purpose, or hope? What shall we do with such men? I will tell you what we now do with them. As our brave boys and sweet girls sail out of the harbor and into the storm we turn to these wreckers and we say, "You may lie in wait for them by yonder reef. For a thousand dollars you may kindle your red lights and lure them to destruction. We love them, but if you will pay for it you may destroy them." Brothers of the Church of Christ, will you be partners in such an agreement as that? Shame upon us if we ever again give our license to such a shameless traffic in souls. My brave mariner, sail not

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in sight of this reef; let no glare of false beacon tempt thee from thy course.

2. There is another headland, the home of Sirens. Their victims may be out of sight, but they are many. A warning voice comes from the wise man's lips, "Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her." The fetters which passion forges are as strong as those of appetite; and its evils, though more insidious and secret, are not less terrible in their results. I have quite as much hope of the drunkard as of the libertine or the impure. The approach to this dangerous headland is through the narrows of impure thoughts. It is the thought which precedes both the word and the act. Remember to "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Do not harbor an unclean thought, any more than you would speak an unclean word in the presence of mother or sister. Men and women of unholy lives are playing the part of the Sirens daily among us. They should cry as they walk, like lepers of old, "Unclean! unclean!" They lead our boys and girls to destruction. They fasten the fearful punishment upon the victim, while the cause goes free. The innocent are dragged away and left to die, neglected and alone;

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or spurned by her own, she madly seeks the end, —

> "One more unfortunate,
> Rashly importunate,
> Gone to her death."

For this ruin there is but one preventive.

In classical story we read that Ulysses, passing the island of the Sirens, put wax in the ears of his crew, and ordered himself bound to the mast, in order that he and his crew might not be charmed to their death by the Sirens. So they passed in safety because they did not hear. It chanced that Orpheus, the sweetest of singers, passed that way with his crew. When the Sirens sang he made sweeter melody, and their charm was broken. Let the melody of the pure and holy reach thy heart and thou art safe. Take Him as thy companion "who giveth songs in the night," and remember how he said, "Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God."

3. Near this headland is a bar where wrecks are many. I shall call it impure reading. At another time I shall speak more at length upon this danger. It costs a hundred dollars for a first-class fare to Liverpool, and takes a week to make the journey; but many a boy has purchased for ten cents a book or paper that warrants him

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quick passage to destruction. Uncleanness, falsehood, murder, are all in these papers. It is only a few months since I passed an old tomb in the country where a band of boys, whose minds had become influenced by such reading, were accustomed to meet and plan their wicked adventures. This very week a broken-hearted mother told me in my study that her son, who had committed a state-prison crime, had been led to do it through the books he read.

4. Another point where many make shipwreck is *speculation*. The spirit of the age is one of venture. It is the gambling spirit, whether manifested in trade or in games of chance. Indeed, many so-called investments are games of chance of the wildest order. Tired of the slow ways of legitimate money-getting, men rush into various schemes that promise something for nothing. But it is true now, as in the days of St. Paul, they that make haste to be rich, "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

I might speak of many more wrecks, — wrecks on the rocks of selfishness, of false ambition, of dishonest doubt. I would float over the wrecks I have named a buoy warning any mariner away from the places where they went down. In the chart of which I have spoken you will

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find all the dangers named, and the channel indicated by which you may reach the open sea.

You are warned of your dangers; do not make light of the warning. You remember the wild sea-rover who cut the bell from the Inchcape Rock. In after years he sailed that way with vessel deeply laden. He strains his eyes to peer through the fog and says, —

"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

It was his own hand which cut it. He laments his folly too late, for he drifts on, —

"Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,
O Death! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Do not neglect the warning bell which rings to-day in your ears. Christian, lend a hand to help. Not a month passes that we are not called to mourn over a wreck. Not a morning paper that does not tell the awful story of some brave human craft that has gone upon the rocks. "In the chamber over the gate" still sob the broken-hearted, "O Absalom, my son!"

"From the ages that are past,
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town,
And from ages yet to be,
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!"

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If you would escape the rocks, heed the facts of human experience, and take Christ to help you subdue your appetites, govern your passions, and sweeten your temper. Cutivate patience and purity, and refuse to be led astray by wealth, luxury, or power.

VI

WHAT PORT

"And I pray that every venture
The port of Peace may enter;
That safe from snag and fall,
And Siren-haunted islet,
And rocks, the unseen Pilot
May guide us one and all."

WHEN the sails are set, the pilot on board, passengers and crew secured, the vessel's prow swung toward the outer bay, then the question is, What's the port? Until that question is settled, you know not which way to steer. Suppose the captain of a steamer should say, in answer to that question, "I haven't made up my mind," you would answer, "Then you have no business at sea." It is necessary for a man to decide what port he will seek, and then he must steer for it. He must take full advantage of every fair breeze. If the winds are contrary,

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he must beat on his way, still keeping his eye upon the distant harbor, and so trimming his sails as to gain the utmost distance possible with each tack.

If in mid-Atlantic you met a steamer sailing toward the west, and, upon your asking, "Whither bound?" the captain should answer "Liverpool," you would shout through your trumpet, "You will never reach it until you change your course. Sail east, not west." I have found many who, when asked, "Whither bound?" would say in substance, "I intend to make life here a success, and I expect to reach heaven at the last." And yet these very persons were widening every hour the distance between them and heaven, and making it impossible to gain any true success in this world. If you want life to be a success, begin now to make it such. If you expect to reach the blessed harbor, do not fail to steer every hour in that direction.

I want to call your attention to some of the ports which young men seek. I name first the one which first engages the attention of very many young people. To seriously weigh the responsibilities of this life does not enter their thought: they have but one goal, and that is a *good time.* President Eliot recently wrote in regard to Harvard, "Drunkenness has decreased

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very decidedly. The sense of personal honor and of self-respect has strengthened. Public sentiment among students has improved. On the other hand, vices which are born of luxury and self-indulgence tend to increase." Accurate scholarship is incompatible with the ease of a good time, hence many are not scholars. To practise a moderate economy would interfere with the rides and suppers, the operas and balls, which form so large a part of their good time; hence they are not economical, but prodigal. To meet with manly decision the great questions which press them every hour for answer would be to stir their souls and break their rest; hence these questions are never considered. For a good time, health, intellectual and moral power, are all sacrificed. I have known many fathers who held on their way through poverty and manifold discouragements, and gained by hard struggle under adverse circumstances that moral as well as physical fibre which enabled them to mount to the topmost round in their profession and in society. I have seen the sons of these men barely able to keep a place in school and college through the father's influence. The fathers said, "We had a hard struggle, our boys shall have it easier;" and so they allowed them to go on in indolent ways, petted by their friends at home, and despised by all who love to

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see a noble manhood; and at last, through their excesses, falling into untimely graves, mourned only by those whose hearts are sad over ruined lives. The only epitaph which could truthfully be written would be, "He had a good time," and a deeper condemnation it would be hard to write.

Another young man looks around him and sees that wealth brings many things which he covets, and he makes his choice. "I mean to die a rich man." Well, my friend, you can do so. The path to wealth is straight, if thorny. Work early and late, have no friendships which can interfere with your plan or burden you with cost, deny yourself dress and food and comforts, beyond the merest necessities, and you can die rich. Will you pay the price? Not every man who gets rich does that way; but if you have not the opportunity nor ability for other endeavors, this plan is still open. But you have used a word which makes me tremble — *die*, rich! Must the rich man also die? Then whose shall these things be? Two rich men were speaking of the death of a friend, when one asked the other, "How much did he leave?" Leaning toward his friend he replied in a solemn whisper, "He left *every cent!*" Is it worth your while to spend your time in a pursuit which will send you into the world where you are to

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spend eternity as empty-handed as you entered this? Not here, even, does wealth bring happiness or comfort. The homes of the rich are sadder, I venture to affirm, than the homes of the poor. Marble palaces have no attraction for sweet content. In the feverish round of pleasures, and in the fierce and wicked rivalries of pride, there is little chance to cultivate those tender graces which shed beauty and perfume upon the home. I do not decry the possession of wealth if it be a means to an end; but I warn any mariner that he must not make that an object which is but a temporary incident of his voyage.

Many of our young people, and those too of the best and brightest, have set their course toward the port of fame. If you simply want your name on the lips of men, you can easily gain your purpose. Guiteau and Booth accomplished that with a single bullet. Be famous for some crime or folly, and your name will figure more largely in the public press than that of preacher, statesman, or judge. But, taking it for granted that you wish an honorable distinction among your fellow-men, let me remind you of the exceeding brevity of all such distinctions. What of the names which were on every tongue thirty years ago? Many of these men are yet among us, but a generation has arisen

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which knows them not. The idol of the people must soon make way for another, and his name will be forgotten. The applause of men for one brief day is not a port worth making. When the voyage of life is sailed, its prizes will not be given on the poor basis of the shout of the crowd, neither will politicians nor gamblers be referees.

There is another port. It is not down on the maps of nations. Its flag does not fly at our wharves, but I trust many here are sailing to-night with that port in view. It is the port of *duty*. You cannot afford to sail for a good time. You must not risk the awful dangers which hedge the way to the city of the rich. The laurel wreath of fame will fade. You are too brave a craft for shallow waters, your freight is too precious, and you were launched at too great a cost. I am glad that many of you are seeking intellectual attainments. So far from hindering you, I would do anything in my power to stimulate and assist you. But simple intellectual training is not enough. It is a fearful crime against manhood and womanhood to develop the brain to the neglect of the soul. If your purposes for life are right, education will increase your power for good; but if your purposes are evil, education will but enlarge your capacity in that direction, and increase your

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condemnation. You will see that if education only makes greater wickedness possible, it becomes a curse rather than a blessing, both to society and to the individual. Horace Mann, the greatest educator Massachusetts has produced, declares that something more than simple intellectual training is necessary. "Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures, if you will: expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys, but know their end is intellectual imbecility and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or emparadise the heart. Obey if you will the law of the baser passions, — appetites, pride, selfishness, — but know they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies. But study and obey the sublimer laws on which the soul of man was formed, and the fulness of the power and the wisdom and the blessedness with which God has filled and lighted up this resplendent universe shall be yours."

You are now in school: what will you do after you graduate? Some one answers me, "I shall go to college." And what will you do after that? "After I leave college I shall study law or medicine." After you have finished your professional studies, what? "Then I shall choose some good location, and begin the practice of my

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profession." What then? "I shall study to become a master in my profession, to gain a competency, and to be known as a successful lawyer or doctor." Yes, and what then? "Why, then I shall grow old and become too feeble to work." And then? "Then I suppose I shall die, and leave what I have to others." What after that? "Alas, I do not know." You *may* know. How soon we have run the path to the grave! If there is nothing more we are undone. Success is now like an old nest on a leafless bough from which the bird has flown. The noblest men of the ages have had holy assurance as to that which lay beyond the grave. That which men call death they have not considered a barrier to their progress or the end of any joy. They have considered it the messenger sent by a kind Father to conduct them to a happier home and to the fulfilment of their hopes. To such men duty is success, and in it they also find pleasure, wealth, and fame. I am not asking you to seek some far off city whose walls are colored gems with gates of pearl and streets of gold. The port I seek for you is nearer. You may enter it any day. I have already named it; I beg you seek it. Have you thought of some great thing? and does the simple earnest living which I urge seem commonplace? Let Schiller answer you: —

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"'What shall I do to be forever known?'
Thy duty ever!
'This did full many who yet sleep unknown,'—
Oh! never, never!
Thinks't thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot."

I have urged you to set sail, have warned you to choose carefully your passengers and crew, have told you of the safe chart and pilot, have hung a warning bell by the wrecks that line the shore, and now I leave you in the offing of the port of peace.

We meet for a little on life's sea. We hail each other and cry, "What's your cargo? where from? and whither bound?" The answer in each case must be, "We have untold treasures on board, we have sailed from a land where storms and shipwrecks are many, and we seek a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." We'll soon part company; but if I cast anchor before you do, I want to tell the friends that troop down to the river-gates, that when last I saw you, you were sailing for the heavenly port, and had on board the Chart and Pilot. You have many a friend there, and you must hear the hail which comes over the sea,

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"Steer this way for me." So I give you cheer. Hail and farewell!

"We are coming into harbor, oh, my brethren o'er the sea!
From the golden, golden city sound the voices of the free.
Never heed the clouds that threaten, never heed the waves that come,
Every sunset on the ocean brings us nearer to our home."

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TRUE WOMANHOOD

IN the village of Caryae, in Laconia, was a temple to Diana. The maidens of the village were the priestesses of the goddess and called Caryatides. In time it came to pass that the Grecian columns supporting temples and other elaborate structures were carved to represent the female figure, and were also known as Caryatides. Doubtless David had some such fact in mind when he wrote: "That our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

Woman to-day stands priestess in the Temple of Humanity. The great superstructure which the divine Artificer is rearing rests in great degree upon her. I would be glad if any word of mine might be used to add strength to her arm, or grace to her labor, or joy to her heart.

There are certain pillars of strength, like Caryatides of old, on which the temple of true womanhood must rest. I cannot describe or even name them all. I must content myself with calling your attention to the great columns which must guard the corners of that temple, and furnish grace and strength.

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There is a sense in which the work of man and woman is identical. "To deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God," belong not more to one than to the other; and yet each division of humanity has something distinctively its own. Each is but half a sphere. It must be supplemented by the other in order to make a symmetrical whole. God so intended. "*Male* and *female* created he them." The mightiest agent in the development of a noble race is the *home*. Here the mother is queen. She has her work which the father cannot do; while he has work for the home which she is poorly fitted to undertake. When either undertakes the work of the other a failure or a monstrosity is the result. I have no sympathy with the talk about relative superiority and inferiority. How will you compare a sunset and a poem, and tell which is superior? How will you measure the relative importance of air and food? Must a nightingale, sweetest of singers, insist on being rated by its value as an article of food? Let the rose bloom on, and make the springtime glad with its wealth of beauty and perfume, but let it not seek to be measured by the standard of the kitchen garden. Why should a woman wish to be rated by the number of pounds she can lift, or the mobs she can sway, or the armies she can lead, when God intended her to sit apart on the

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throne of a holy love, and wield a sceptre before which all hearts should bow and do her homage! If she will leave her throne, and prefers, in the place of queenly reverence, the poor applause which comes to partisan and demagogue, then let her not complain when she finds herself jostled by the crowd, and lying at last in the dust. If I were a star I would not seek to change places with the strange lights that hide in marsh and swamp.

Do not imagine from this that I would set woman apart with nothing to do but receive the adoration of mankind, for as the first pillar in the erection of a true womanhood I place *worthy employment.*

One far wiser than I wrote, two thousand years ago, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she yet liveth." Dead to the real joy of living, to the holiest passions which great souls know, to the true and tender love of a helpful heart. You have your life-course marked out. It is school for a while, and then — marriage. Too many regard that as the consummation, when it really is but the beginning of life. We name the period when we graduate from college, *commencement.* It takes its name from the fact that the candidate is now sent forth ready to begin his active life. I have no objection to one's looking forward to marriage as a possible

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and desirable event, but I trust all will remember that the real life-story is yet to be worked out.

You have in your mind the ideal, if not the actual, young man. He must be at least of good appearance. He must be far above the average in intellectual ability. He must have no bad habits, and must show the breeding of a gentleman. If he has not wealth, he must be in a business or profession which promises a sure return for the future. I am glad you are so sensible as to seek for such sterling qualities; and you ought not to risk your happiness and life where many — if any — of them are wanting; but now let me ask what have you to offer for all this? It is but fair that men should seek for an equivalent; and if they find none, can you blame them for feeling that they have made but a sorry bargain? It would be sad indeed for you to feel that you had been the occasion of any man's writing as wrote Moore: —

> "My only books
> Were woman's looks,
> And folly's all they've taught me."

At least in the matter now under consideration, that of worthy employment, each may be prepared to do her part.

Every young lady ought to know how to do

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some work which could win her a support. In Massachusetts there are thirty thousand, and in Rhode Island ten thousand, more women than men. What are to become of what Mrs. Livermore calls "these superfluous women"? Shall they be a burden upon friends or upon the state? or will they learn some employment which will make them useful instead of being a burden? This the noblest women of antiquity did. Cæsar used to say with pride, that his imperial robes were wrought by the deft fingers of his wife and daughters. Alexander told the mother of Darius that his garments were woven by his sisters. Lucretia instructed her maidens at the wheel. Mix brains with your work, and the kitchen may be as honorable and remunerative as any place. When Vanderbilt pays ten thousand dollars to a Frenchman to direct his *cuisine*, we cannot say that it does not pay to know how to cook.

Art, music, and literature hold open doors before the women of America. How sad to see young women of to-day, gloriously gifted, standing in our highest walks of life empty-handed. To dress for dinner, to dress for the ball or opera, to learn the mysteries of the druggist's art for her own complexion, and of the milliner's art for her own apparel, is the substance of her acquirements. What a waste of

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capacity! But I must not talk of the wealthy alone. There are those in Boston whose fathers are not worth five thousand dollars who seek to be pampered, and indulged in idleness. They could not make the bread they eat; and yet they wonder why all the young men in town are not at their feet; and, worse yet, mothers and fathers encourage them in idleness under a false idea of being kind to them. Learn to do something well. No true womanhood was ever erected that had not industry as one of its corner-stones. St. Paul speaks of those who "learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house;" and not only idle but busy-bodies, "speaking things which they ought not." The great preventive of gossip is proper employment.

I name as the second pillar of true womanhood, *intellectual development.* I am aware that many excellent women have lived who were not educated; but a true ambition will lead to the careful training of the intellectual powers, not simply by study, but by observation and reflection as well. Who needs to know the laws of the mind more than the mother who is the guardian of the child's budding mental powers? who needs to know helpful literature more than she who is to say what her children shall read?

How an appreciation of noble thoughts re-

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lieves toil of its drudgery, and supplies hope and cheer to the disheartened! How it graces the fireside, and keeps the mind from preying upon itself and falling into premature decay. In early years it keeps from the sensational novel which unfits for life, from those amusements which many affect, which only dwarf the mind, and ruin all fine instincts, and quench all holy endeavors.

Thirdly I name *unselfish* service.

This is the real essence of true womanhood on its human side. In the chapel of the greatest college for girls in New England is the motto, *non ministrari sed ministrare.* Every true life must come to realize soon or late that its mission is not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Many a boy has received a college education wrought for him by a patient mother and self-denying sister. Thank God there are such noble mothers. See their old wrinkled hands trembling at their work.

> "Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
> When her heart was weary and sad,
> These patient hands kept toiling on
> That her children might be glad."

When in the night we heard a soft step, we said, "It is mother." When all others were in bed, she came to take the worn stocking or the torn jacket or dress. In the morning we found

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them ready for us, so deftly mended that one could hardly find the rent.

Many a daughter has proved herself a very queen; has put her own love and ambition out of sight, and toiled on to the end to bring joy and hope to some other life, or to smooth the rough way into the valley of death for a father or mother beloved.

There are crowns in heaven for the brows of such. That child is fortunate who has birth in a home where such tender ministrations are about him, where he sees the law of love in its highest fulfilment in the life of the mother who rocks his cradle.

Tennyson in *The Princess* speaks of such an one

> "Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between the gods and men,
> Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music. Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall,
> He shall not blind his soul with clay."

The true woman is anxious not to get out of

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her world the most she can of selfish enjoyment but to put into it all the honest service she can give.

In the toil of life woman is to be a helpmeet.

"A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich," is an old proverb and a true one.

William and Mary Howitt were not brother and sister, as many suppose, but husband and wife. She shared with him all his hardships, and helped him to all his triumphs. Such a helpmeet made Hood write to her, after she had strengthened him to labor, ministered to him in sickness; comforted him in sorrow, and borne without complaining a sad domestic lot, "I never was anything, dearest, until I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." I want you, both young men and young ladies, to remember that the only way for you to grow old in the home delightfully is to be helpful to each other, — to preserve that fine sense of kindly care which is so beautiful in brother and sister, and which throws a perfect charm over married life.

Finally the crowning strength and glory of true womanhood is *Christian Consecration.* It has been so in all the ages. In Israel, Deborah

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and Miriam; in apostolic times, Lydia and Lois and Priscilla; in Wesley's time, Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxfield, Barbara Heck, and Susanna Wesley. In our time, Frances Havergal, Mrs. Phebe Palmer, Phebe Cary, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote: —

> "Not she with traitorous kiss her Master stung,
> Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
> She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
> Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave!"

Woman's power of song has been consecrated. Charlotte Elliott wrote, "Just as I am;" Catherine Hankey, "I love to tell the Story;" Mrs. Adams, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mrs. Hawks gave to the Church, "I need Thee every hour;" and scores of our sweetest hymns have fallen from the pen of Frances Havergal, Mrs. Knapp, the Cary sisters, and Mrs. Brown, the author of "I love to steal awhile away."

Nearly two-thirds of the membership of our churches are women. Well says Bishop Foss, "When Paul started to annihilate the infant church with his persecutions he said, 'Write in not only men, but *women also;*' and in that he was wise, for you can never root out Christianity anywhere until you root out the heart of woman as well as the brain of man."

It should be so. All woman has she owes to Christ. He found her the plaything of lust; he

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led her to her throne, and, what is better, he fitted her for it. I want to tell the woman who makes light of the homely virtues of religion and the sober enjoyments of a Christian faith, but for the Christ whom you treat as a myth out of the past, you would to-night be in bondage like the women of Bombay or Cairo, or like those who lived like beasts in the palace of the Tarquins. Freely ye have received, freely give.

A womanhood whose hands are filled with useful toil, whose brain is nourished by healthful streams of life, whose ambition is not selfish but holy, whose entire life is dominated by a Christian faith, — for this I plead to-night.

If you came expecting flippant words and ready wit you are disappointed. This is not the place for such words, and I am not the one to speak them. I have spoken such words as I shall be willing to meet when these fair faces are wrinkled and these bright eyes have lost their lustre through scalding tears; when the brilliant colors have faded from the morning; when the gay cavalier has had his day; when the proud are forgotten, and fortune hath exalted them of low degree.

In all this I have not been speaking from the books. I have been thinking of my model as I spoke. Not the Beatrice of Dante, the Laura of Petrarch, Tasso's Leonora, or Goethe's Clärchen.

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I see her seated in her old place where she has sat for many years, and I am bound to say I have not laid on one color too strong. They tell me she was beautiful once; that her cheeks were dimpled, and her brown hair thrust its wilful curls over a sweet, low forehead, in spite of comb and bands; that her eyes were like the seas where summers lie dreaming, and that in all the town no hand was so white and shapely. Of that I never knew; for when I came to know her, and to set her on her throne, there were some wrinkles in brow and cheek, and her eyes had a yearning look like as of one who looks for ships at sea. Her dimples were gone, her hands bore the mark of toil. Thirty years have passed since then. I have watched the wrinkles deepen, the frosts settle on her hair. Her hands tremble now, and her back is bent, but she's my queen to-night! For in all those years she has not left her throne, nor soiled the white robe which my baby hand threw upon her shoulders. Young ladies, I commend to you my mother's faith and my mother's God. Comforted and strengthened by that faith, I pray that when your fair hands shall be wrinkled, and your feet become too feeble to stray from your hearthstone, that your children may rise up as I do now, and hold your life to the world as a pattern of what a true womanhood may be.

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TRUE MANHOOD

I HAVE an intimate friend who was at the head of what is perhaps the most successful manufacturing enterprise in Rhode Island. The construction of the first of those mammoth mills was intrusted entirely to him. The fineness of the finished product necessitated the most perfect of appliances and construction. A foreign firm of great wealth put almost unlimited funds at his disposal, without restrictions of any kind. They simply held him responsible for the result.

The first question which presented itself was, What shall the foundation be? He listened to the different theories of the experts as to the relative merits of large and small stones and different cements. That one plan would have some advantages over the others he became satisfied; but its cost seemed to be larger than the probable gain, and he had about decided to take the less satisfactory but cheaper foundation. With his mind thus exercised he fell asleep, and beheld in his dream the completed structure. The machinery was in place, the connections all

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made, and the great wheel started. He took the head of the firm who had commissioned him, and went to inspect the mill where so many thousands of dollars had been expended. As he opened the door he felt the jar of machinery improperly connected. Pulleys and wheels were filling the air with discord and dropping out of gear. Huge cracks were seen in the ceiling, and the floors seemed to vibrate with every throb of the engine. His principal looked at him sternly and said, "What is the meaning of this?" With shame on his face, my friend said, "I think it must be because the foundation, which I tried to build cheaply, has settled." — "Build cheaply! Did I ever tell you to build cheaply?" — "No, sir," — "Did I ever limit you as to your expenditure?" — "No, sir." — "Were you not constantly supplied with all the means necessary to make a perfect structure? and did you not agree to have the best mill which could be constructed for our work?" — "Yes, sir." — "Have I ever hindered you by advice or suggestion, or ever asked you to account for or justify your expenditure?" — "No, sir." — "Then you have squandered my money, for the mill is worthless. Have you any excuse?" — "None, sir, none." My friend awoke; great beads of sweat were on his forehead, and he could hardly realize it was a dream. But in

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that dream he had learned a principle to which he attributes his great success. When those foundations went in they were the best in material and construction which the engineering skill of our times had produced, and every year justifies the toil and expenditure.

I am face to face to-night with many souls who have received a commission from the King of kings, to rear for him a structure grander than ever echoed with the hum of spindle or roar of flying wheel, where thoughts fly swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and weave a fabric more costly than finest silk or cloth-of-gold. Because the only safe foundation for such a structure must rest deep down upon the Rock of Ages, and must be built by self-denial, in tears and sweat and struggle, some I fear have started to build upon the surface, where the sands are shifting, and where any turn in the tide of fortune will sweep away all foundation and precipitate them into helpless ruin. And if so, what could one say?

I hear the King ask, "Did I not furnish a foundation which standeth sure? Was not the material at hand with which to build? Did I not tell you the folly of your course? Did I not promise you all needed help? Have I ever failed to keep my word? Did I not warn you at every step of your path? Have you any ex-

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cuse?" None! None! None! The scene changes. The world has gone back to the flames out of which it came, but the unbounded plains of eternity are filled with its inhabitants; this mortal life has thrown its last shuttle, and its finished product comes before the King. And as some try to enter, I seem to hear him say, "Friend, how comest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment? And he was speechless."

Most of you here are laying the foundation to-night. The superstructure must conform to the foundation. If the foundation is wrong the whole toil of erection is wasted, for one must begin again.

You must lay a foundation strong and deep enough to sustain a perfected life. I have at other times spoken at length on the duties and responsibilities of young men, as such; I have thought it best to speak to-night in a more general way of the principles which underlie true manhood.

First, I shall name *self-knowledge*. "Know thyself" was the wisest motto of the ancient oracles. What a study it is to look into one's physical mechanism. To see how each bone bears its weight, how each muscle distributes its tension; to watch the food until it is changed from chyme to chyle, and then,

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through lacteals and thoracic duct, finds its way into the blood; to trace the passage of sound from the tympanum to the brain; or the telegraphy of light through cornea and retina and optic nerve. We are forced to say, "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." Everyone ought to know something of his physical self.

But more than that, one ought to know his intellectual capacity. Sydney Smith has said, "Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed." Study your make-up, and take something for a life-work where your natural inclinations will help you, if possible, to make of it a success. "The heart giveth grace unto every art." If you have no aptitude for figures, don't try to be an accountant. If you hate study, don't plan for a college course. On the other hand, don't become a clerk to stand forever behind a counter when all your nature is crying out for a broad intellectual life, and every hour of daily toil is irksome to you. Study yourself, and then choose your life-work the best you can with the limitations that surround you.

But as you open the physical and intellectual doors of your being, don't forget that there is within a holy of holies. You can never be satisfied with your spiritual wants unappeased. There is a voice within calling you to a higher

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life than either physical or intellectual enjoyment. You may call that higher life by any name you choose. Let it be *character* if it suits you better. Have you ever thought how precious a thing it is, and how easily lost? St. Peter's was years in building, and exercised the brain and brawn of the wisest and most skilful men; but a torch in the hand of a child would accomplish its destruction in an hour. It takes a lifetime to weave a noble character; but if the shuttle halts but once, it mars its beauty forever. One leak, and the vessel sinks. One stab, and the life flows out. One speck upon the fair exterior is taken as the index of the corruption working within. Keep constant guard, challenge every passing thought. Add together these physical, intellectual, and spiritual forces, and the sum is *thyself*.

Created with such wonderful powers, with thoughts that outleap the sun, with a mind that shackles all the universe into iron traces, with a soul which mirrors God, and is the arena where contend forces which angels do not ken, — with all these things our own, how shall we live to repay good interest on such a mighty investment? Shall I sell myself for gold, or hide away in selfish pleasure? Shall I spend my strength as a trickster, and sport with pride the cap and bells of my shame? Shall we thus

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"play the fools with time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us" Know, then, thyself so well that thou wilt know thy powers, thy mission, and thy destiny.

This knowledge will bring men to a second characteristic of true manhood — *self-respect.* Every man ought to live so that his motives as well as his abilities shall lead him to respect himself. One never journeys so far that he takes not himself as fellow-traveller. If that higher self which is the voice of God in us shall whisper, "Well done!" it will matter little what the voices of men may be.

> "One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
> Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
> And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
> Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

Again, every young man ought to have such respect for his own individuality as to preserve it. Do not be content to be simply one in the crowd. Measured by their possibilities, most of people are poor and ignorant and incapable. There was a germ of truth in the ill-natured arraignment of Englishmen by Carlyle, "A race of forty millions — mostly fools." It is because men are not at their best that knowledge and capacity are at a premium. Do not assign as the reason of any folly on your part,

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"They all do it." If that is true, it is reason why you should keep out of it. There is something better for you than mediocrity. Never allow your ambition to fall to so low a plane. Your relative worth depends upon the points of excellence you possess, which the crowd has not. If you are desired to enter any home, it will be because of these qualities. If you are content to take one as your own companion for life who is lifted in no way above mediocrity, you can doubtless find someone who will take you, for the silly, like the poor, we have always with us; but I say to you, as I said to the young ladies, if you desire someone who shall be gifted and fair, true-hearted and noble, the question arises, What have you to give in return? I know the dash of the fast young man. He driveth furiously. Beware of him! I know an upas-tree — poison falls from its leaves, apples of Sodom are on its boughs. Rest not in its shade!

Respect of self carries with it respect for others. You see it in the true husband toward his wife, making it no longer possible to tell how long a couple have been married by the inattention he gives. Mutual respect is the keystone of the arch in a happy home. You see it between parents and children. Each child has his rights, which are respected, and he

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comes unconsciously to the same high plane of thought and life.

> "This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

I can name but one other secret of true manhood, and that is *self-government.* You rule a kingdom greater than Cæsar's. See that you rule it well. You will need to wave the sceptre of authority at the portal of your lips. A hasty word in an hour of passion has ruined many a man's life, and broken other hearts as well. When once the word is sped, it is too late to call it back.

> "Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds.
> You can't do that way when you're flying *words.*"

Guard closely at the gates of sight; for there are sights which blister the eyes, and once seen, burn in the soul forever. So will you need to keep guard along every avenue where an enemy may approach, that you do not find yourself deposed, and an enemy seated upon your throne. If you say some bad things have already entered and become habits, I ask in all earnestness, Will you rule, or be ruled? I am not saying that every indulgence of a foolish appetite keeps a man out of heaven; but I do say, what folly! I do say, before God, that if a foaming cup had bound me

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to it, by His help I would break the bond. I do say, that if the burning of a twisted leaf had made me a slave, I would break my fetters. If certain pasteboard slips had made me neglect my business, squander my time, and unnerve me for holy duties, I would settle it, on my knees if necessary, which of us twain was master. Give up the thing, whatever it be, which fetters you. True manhood must not be the slave of *anything*.

Finally, this self-government must be exercised for the glory of God, as well as for our own advantage, and the help of others. Have I set a hard way before you? It is the way where all the holy have walked, over whose narrow street the saints in endless procession go. I could show you another way, where they walk whose feet take hold on death, "and many there be that go in thereat." I have shown you the way of cross, but of crown. Last week I tried to give to the young ladies such advice as would fit them for the opportunities and responsibilities into which they are to enter. I was glad that I had a model, as I spoke, and that I could pay a tribute out of my heart to a mother's love and life. I am glad to-night to pay a debt I owe to him who for these thirty years I have called father. He was of sterner mould, anxious and meditative, but

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not less true-hearted and self-denying than she who leaned upon him. I remember how his broad shoulders held me in the days of childhood. How he carried me up to bed, and listened reverently to my little prayer, and covered me so gently, and stopped in the door to look back for a moment, as he said "Good-night." I have heard the angry winds and the pouring rain on the roof at dead of night, and started with fright; and then I remembered father, and fell asleep content. On his shoulders my cares were placed, and to this day his stiff limbs will unlimber to do a service to his son. He had no habits which his sons might not pattern after to their profit, and in all these years I never heard a word or saw an action which was not Christian; and though in public life and employing many hands, no one ever felt that he had wronged them, though in dealing thus he had doubtless wronged himself. I never knew of any one who was so much alone with God as he. To this day when we hear a low murmur at home we say, "It is father at prayer." There is nothing this side of heaven more heavenly than a Christian home, and it is my prayer that these two addresses may help to form such characters as have blessed my home. There they are together. Fifty-four years and more, they have walked hand in hand. They

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have been "father and mother" to each other for many years, and their care for each other is touching. Mother takes me one side and whispers, "I think father is failing, he gets tired so easily; but he won't let me do anything for him." And father asks me into another room, and says, "Don't you think mother has failed since you were here? Her hand trembles so, and she's rather forgetful; but she won't let me help her." And then he goes back to her, and they sit there together. The same love-light in their eyes that has shone there for fifty years, purer and steadier now than ever. I can't help feeling, as they kneel hand in hand for evening prayer, that that is *True Manhood* and *True Womanhood*. I pray that you, my dear young people, may have such a home, and that your children may rise up and call you blessed.

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WHAT WE READ

THE importance upon character of the reading of a community can hardly be overestimated. The quality and amount of food settles largely the question of physical health. It is also true that the growth and character of the mind must be almost entirely settled by the quality of the pabulum from which it draws its life. There are public guardians against harmful foods. It is a crime to adulterate milk, flour, sugar, and other articles of food. Ought we not to be as careful of that out of which our mental life is formed? Poison in the mind is even more dangerous than poison in the body. Every father and mother is deeply interested in this matter, and certainly every pastor should be. On the shelves of our libraries are books which deny or neutralize all the teaching of the pulpit and the instruction of home; they make beautiful the most hideous things. Unholy passions are stirred, and ambitions of the meanest kind are planted in the heart of the reader. There are hundreds of men behind the bars, incarcerated by the power of a vicious book.

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I have been at some pains to investigate the statistics of the Boston Public Libraries. The results I shall give, and follow them with such general reflections as will be, I trust, of service in helping you to form good habits of reading. In the matter of reading, Boston leads every city in America, and thus merits its title, the Athens of the New World. The circulation of books in public libraries in some of our leading cities is as follows: —

St. Louis, 194,092; New York, 423,363; Baltimore, 430,217; Boston, 1,875,411. The census of 1885 gives Boston 305 libraries, including those of Sunday-schools, with 2,045,000 books, valued at $2,235,637, and a circulation of 2,177,318. A marked change has taken place in the class of reading in the last ten years. At that time the percentage of fiction read in our public libraries was about seventy per cent. The present classification of the Boston Public Library includes fiction and books for the young in one class, so that exact figures on fiction cannot be given. The percentage of fiction would probably be between forty and forty-five. In order to verify these figures for New England, I wrote to the accomplished librarian of the Providence Public Library, and to Dr. William Rice, librarian of the Springfield Public Library. Dr. Rice says, "There has certainly been

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an improvement here in the class of books chosen for general home-reading, and there is also an increasing use of our best books for investigation and study on the premises. We reported last year that our circulation of adult fiction had borne a lower percentage than ever before in our history; namely, 49.1: we are able to report this year a still lower percentage, 43.4." The report from Providence also shows that there has been an uninterrupted decline for the last seven years in the amount of fiction read. These are encouraging figures.

I was interested to learn from the *Librarian's Journal* the names of the books which now lead the list among young people. These are, "Boys of '76," and "Boys of '61," by C. C. Coffin, and "Ben Hur" by Gen. Lew Wallace — each of them full of interest and in no way harmful.

The power of a library in a community is great for good. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, when asked recently in what way a rich man could best use his wealth for the good of the community, replied, "By establishing a public library." The tendency of good reading is elevating in a marked degree, and one will soon become ennobled by it, or refuse longer to read it. I shall not be able to speak of the periodical press. Allow me to say that a great change has taken

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place in the relation of the press to the pulpit and church. It is only fifty years since reports of sermons first appeared in the daily papers of New York. They were then paid for at the same rate as advertisements. After continuing these payments some time, the men who had procured their publication ceased to send the sermons. The patrons of the papers desired the reports continued, and the management offered to publish free any reports which might be sent. Now, paid reporters are at our services, and many columns are devoted to the reports of the Sabbath.

Johnson, when asked who is the most miserable man, replied, "He who cannot read on a rainy day." The man is certainly to be pitied who finds not rest and solace and pleasant companionship in a good book. The measure of your choice in books is largely your measure as a man. Great souls love great books. On those pages, the mighty deeds of the world are re-enacted, and the thoughts which have kindled the nations with holy purpose ceaselessly burn. Here the illustrious dead come back to dwell with us again, and stir our souls as once they stirred the thousands who now sleep with them in common dust. Books are the great teachers of men; they bring to the present the treasures of the past, and put into our hands the riches of

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human experience which have been wrought out by throbbing brain and heart in all the centuries. I go into my study and scan the shelves. I behold a concourse of master minds such as never assembled in the flesh. Though strangers to each other, they talk with me as friends. Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Pascal, Luther, Scott, Wordsworth, Irving, Longfellow, are all here and at their best. It is not enough to read. Some devour intellectually everything within their reach, and are made no better and no wiser. The question is, *What and How* to read. Your teachers in school will tell you much, but some of you have no teachers. I often take an early train, and have noticed the shop-girls and their reading. I long to take the silly, sentimental books from their hands and give them something helpful. You are bewildered when you think of the question, What shall I read? Stand in our public library; there are 540,000 volumes. If you read two a week, and began at the time of the Flood, you would yet have a thousand years' work before you. And yet one of the best authorities says, "There are only one hundred great books, and less than one thousand *first-class ones.*" When one of the greatest of Englishmen was asked if he had read the latest book, he answered, "I only read the saints." I wish you would adopt the same plan for yourself. The

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principle of associating only with the best people applies to books as well. With only one book a month, one might in a few years make the thorough acquaintance of the greatest minds the world has ever seen. He might look with them at the great questions of life and destiny. Think of taking in the refuse from the street when the mines of California are open!

As to what to read, Emerson's rules are: 1. Never read a book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like. I accept the first two more readily than the third. That may do for one after his tastes are formed. Till then, read what you know is best, and if you do not like it, keep at it until you do. You can cultivate a taste for reading as well as for art or music. Again, read works about your business. Be acquainted with its literature. This is the way to succeed. When you have done that, it will be time to take up such general reading as will keep you abreast of the times.

The question of novel-reading is one which is often discussed. I am far from saying that no novels should be read. That would exclude "Ben Hur" and many of the earlier masterpieces of literature — even "Pilgrim's Progress." It makes a great difference what *kind* of a novel it is. If you ask, can you read the trashy paper-

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covered novels of our book-stalls, I answer a thousand times, *No!* Coarse feeding makes coarse flesh, and such reading is sure to be the fruitful cause of all kinds of mental ills. While I would not have you turn wholly from novels, Dr. Geikie is right in the main when he calls them "snow- shoe literature — large surface in proportion to the weight carried. Make the novel an indulgence and not a pursuit; turn to it as a rest after work, not in the place of conscientious industry, and read only the best."

Historical reading is of great importance. I would advise our young people to lay a good foundation in English history, and then carefully to study the history of their own country. Americans are lamentably deficient in the knowledge of their own history. Nothing would more strengthen our patriotism than to learn the conditions and the principles of the founding of our Government, and the story of the struggles by which that Government has been maintained. If you wish to know our condition after the Revolution, read "The Critical Period of American History," by Fiske. The histories of Parkman will give you an excellent idea of the early French and Indian Wars, and the settlement of our northern territory. I believe that no reading is more helpful in the formation of character than biography. Read by all

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means the lives of the great men in every walk in life. They will inspire you with great purposes, and will show you the way in which the wisest of men have made a success. Nothing is more interesting to the young than the story of actual life. Many a man in the last generation will acknowledge his indebtedness to "Plutarch's Lives" for that high ambition which became a moulding factor in his life. I have made no list of books to recommend to you. If a score of men were to name the best ten books in our language, no two persons would name the same books in the same order. This is because no two persons will be affected precisely the same by any book. There are many excellent lists which any librarian will put into your hands. If you are only minded to seek the good it is easily found.

How to read is the next question which presents itself. By all means have first a plan. Do not read hither and thither like some animal browsing in a field. If you read history, take up some epoch or some country and master it. Read thoroughly. Do not get the idea that the number of books read is the main thing. One book read and digested is better than a score which are merely skimmed. For that reason a small library is better for many people than a large one. Be sure you understand what

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you read. Read again and again until you are sure that you know the author's meaning. Do not accept all you read as true. Keep your faculties aroused to honest criticism. In this way of reading every book has to you a marked personality, and you will long remember and profit by what you have read. Do not be, then, a butterfly reader, flitting from flower to flower without aim and carrying nothing away. Do not be an hour-glass reader, for whom the sand runs out and leaves nothing behind. Be rather like those who toil in Brazilian mines, who scrutinize carefully every handful of dust, throwing away the refuse, but hoarding up the gems. Gather the gems, that you may enrich yourself and have much to share with others. Having learned from other lives the right principles of action, so exemplify them in your own life that you may bless others who are about you. So let your reading be a means to an end.

I have given you no list of books to-night which you are to read to the exclusion of others; but there is one book, the consideration of which I have of purpose reserved until this moment. It is a book for all classes and for all times. It searches us out as no other book does. It has been the inspiration of all noble literature, and the greatest thoughts of the greatest

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men have been suggested by careful perusal of its pages. It is the book most talked about in the world to-day, and you cannot afford not to know it most thoroughly. Though it is centuries old, the ignorance of men concerning it, especially of those who affect to despise it, is wonderful. Franklin once read in the Court of France a simple story from its pages, and the courtiers crowded around him and asked for the authorship of that marvellous pastoral. It was the Book of Ruth. I knew a man who was its enemy to hunt it through to find the Book of *Hezekiah*, which he affirmed he had read.

Ruskin, the greatest master of English in this century, gives this double tribute to his mother and her Bible. "My mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard words and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline, patient, accurate, and absolute, I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature." I trust no daily reading will be ended until you have turned for a final draught to this fountain of purity, this well-spring of life.

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HOW STANLEY FOUND GOD IN DARKEST AFRICA

A VINDICATION OF PRAYER

Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me. — *Ps.* 50: 15.

WE are fallen upon times when many affect to disbelieve in the power of prayer, and the immanence of God in the affairs of men. They assert that all things —

> **"Swing their cycles as they must,**
> **Tho' the ample road they travel, blind the eyes with human dust."**

God may have created us, but he now leaves us to get on alone as best we can, until caught by the iron wheel of circumstances and ground into the dust, or carried in its sharp teeth, without remedy, to our fate. This deistic philosophy boldly cries, "What is the Almighty that we should serve Him, and what profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?" But for answer the preacher still cries from thousands of pulpits, in the presence of the great congregation, "Come, let us worship and bow down, let us

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kneel before the Lord our Maker." He believes not only in a power which makes for righteousness, but in a personal God whom he addresses as *Our Father*. To every trembling child he cries in words of inspiration, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." You may tell *me* God does not answer prayer, and it will do no harm, for I have seen the coming of his messengers times without number; but do not whisper your falsehood in that chamber where the white hands fold in prayer, and the mists from a far shore drop on a whiter brow. O man of the world, you will be silent there! The flippant doubt which may be spoken on a summer sea is dumb in the flood of great waters. When a man is trying to rise out of his degradation, when the sins of a lifetime are grappling with him, when passion and appetite have forged fetters upon every limb, will you tell him he is a slave forever without hope or remedy? Thank God, I can argue you out of sight from the lips of millions of witnesses whose chains were broken, not by themselves, but by a pierced hand, in answer to their penitent cry.

The whole question must be settled, not on theory, but on evidence. Does God answer prayer? Who can answer that? Evidently the men who have prayed most will know most

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about it. It would be a sin against common sense to ask that question of a man who never prayed. What, then, is the answer which praying men give? There is an old Book which I was taught to reverence which has recorded the testimony of many men now gone. It is even so bold as to assert that a man shut up the cisterns of the skies and carried the keys for three long years; that through prayer three hundred men routed untold thousands; that it closed the mouths of lions; restored the dead; quenched the violence of the fire; made sick men well and weak men strong. If you say this is not true, the burden of proof must rest with you, and you must disprove either the genuineness of the record or the credibility of the witnesses. During the eighteen hundred years which have passed since the ink was dry upon the last page of this revelation, the testimony has accumulated every year. From cottage and palace, from university and hovel, from city and country, from young and old, from north and south, one volume of concurrent testimony comes down to us. I wish to bring you to-night, with something of detail, one of these testimonies of most recent date. We are often told that those who believe in prayer are not men of affairs, who weigh things with exactness and caution, but men and women with whom sentiment and rev-

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erence play an important part. We are sure this will not be charged against our witness to-night. He is the most intrepid discoverer of this or any other age. A man who administered successfully, without cabinet or general, the affairs of a state four times as large as the German Empire. Who stands without a peer in the newspaper world as a keen observer of men and events. He is not a coward, or a man likely to be troubled by distempered misgivings of evils and dangers which are unreal. This is the man who was summoned by Mr. Bennett from Madrid to Paris in a night, and commissioned, without suggestion of method or limit of expense, to find a man whom nearly all the world believed to be dead in the heart of Central Africa. It is the man who had begun a most remunerative lecture tour, but on the fifteenth day received a cablegram, "Offer accepted; authorities approve; funds provided; business urgent; come promptly. Reply. *Mackinnon.*" For the sake of a man imprisoned on one side by the same power which had murdered Gordon Pasha, and on the other by millions of hostile cannibals and impassable jungles, he counsels not with his fears, but answers on Tuesday, "Monday's cablegram received. Everything all right. Sail at eight Wednesday morning." It was a man who had

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been accustomed to care for himself from his youth up. He was born in poverty in Denbigh, North Wales, in 1841, and toiled in the workhouse of St. Asaph until fifteen years of age. John Rowlands was his name. Into the great world he went alone. Coming to New Orleans in a cotton-ship, he met the kindly man, Stanley, whose assistant he became and whose name he took. A little while he served in the Confederate Army, and later, escaping to England, he came back and enlisted in the Navy of the North, and in four months was secretary to the admiral. With Hancock in his expedition; with the British troops in Abyssinia; in the revolution in Spain; up the Nile; at Jerusalem; at Stamboul; across the old battle-grounds of the Crimea; in the Caucasus; at Teheran; across to India, and down to Zanzibar. Such in brief was the record of his journey when he entered the Dark Continent.

A man of affairs and not of sentiment. A man of overmastering will, undaunted in danger, and for many years accomplishing before the world what other men had declared impossible. It is such a man as this coming back from what we thought was his grave; travelling six thousand miles in the jungle on an expedition of humanity, whose word is unimpeached — this man brings his testimony to-night. I

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quote the words of Mr. Stanley from his prefatory letter to Sir William Mackinnon, chairman of the committee which sent out the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition commanded by Mr. Stanley. Now that we know the man we are prepared to weigh his words: — "You, who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back in civilization, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column.

"Again we had emerged into the open coun-

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try, out of the forest, after such experiences as, in the collective annals of African travels, there is no parallel. . . . The night before I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of those brave words, or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard, 'Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee, he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' When on the next day Mazamboni commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp; whereas, the evening before, we exclaimed in bitterness, on seeing four of our men fly before one native, 'And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha.' . . .

"As I mentally review the many grim episodes, and reflect on the marvellously narrow escapes from utter destruction to which we have been subjected during our various journeys to and fro through that immense and gloomy extent of primeval woods, I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of His own, preserved us. All the armies and armaments of Europe could not have lent us any aid in the dire extremity in which we found ourselves in that camp between the Dui and

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Ihuru; an army of explorers could not have traced our course to the scene of the last struggle had we fallen; for deep, deep as utter oblivion had we been surely buried under the humus of the trackless wilds.

"It is in this humble and grateful spirit that I commence this record of the progress of the expedition, from its inception by you to the date when, at our feet, the Indian Ocean burst into view, pure and blue as heaven, when we might justly exclaim, 'It is ended!'"

All honor to the man who, when he was in peace and plenty, the jungle behind him, starvation camp with its score of skeletons a witness only to the dark forest and the roaring waters of the Ituri; all honor to the man who gave honor unto the God who heard him in the day of his trouble and delivered him. It has not always been thus in the history of men. Many have cried to God in their extremity who forgot to glorify him in the day of plenty. Many a vow has been made when the shadow of death seemed about to fall, only to be forgotten when that shadow had passed by. I am persuaded that few hear me to-night whose lips have not trembled with the same prayer in the time of danger, of adversity, or of sorrow. God heard your vow, and it may be many friends put up their petitions with you. What have you

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done? Shall it ever be said you forgot your obligation and refused to keep your solemn vow? Will you declare it like Stanley to the world? He is not afraid or ashamed to confess the power of this old Book. As a preface to the detailed account to which I have alluded he says: "Before turning in for the night I resumed my reading of the Bible as usual. I had already read the Book through from beginning to end once, and was now at Deuteronomy for the second reading." It was here he found the words, "Be strong and of good courage." Again he sat famished with his trusty companions about him. They ask if he had ever known anything so terrible. He answers, "No, I have seen some hard times, but nothing like this. The age of miracles is passed, it is said, but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels; I wonder if any one will minister unto us?" Just then there was a sound of a large bird whirring through the air, and a fat guinea-fowl dropped at their feet. Do you wonder that he records, "We enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings," and for himself says, "The age of miracles is not past."

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You remember Stanley became best known to the world through his successful search for Livingstone, the great missionary. It is impossible to say how much his association with that noble man of God has had to do with the profound religious conviction with which he now comes back to the world. He gave his testimony years ago as to what religion had done for the missionary himself in these words: "Without religion Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and it has made him, to speak the sober truth, the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters." He records how, on the night after he found the long-lost Livingstone, they "sat in the gathering darkness and listened, with our hearts full of gratitude to the Great Giver of good and Dispenser of all happiness, to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganyika and to the chorus which the night insects sang."

I am not aware that Stanley went to Africa as a Christian, but I am sure he stands to-day among the most devout believers in the Provi-

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dence of God and in the efficacy of Christian prayer. *Our Day* is responsible for the following:—

"In the depths of the Congo forest and face to face with deadly perils, his soul reached a loftiness of stature that gave him a distinct vision of many truths that are out of sight of materialistic and agnostic sceptics, and of all men in frivolous moods. While writing his book at Cairo he one day used, in private conversation with his London publisher, Mr. Marston, these memorable words:—

"'I am not what is called superstitious. I believe in God, the Creator of the universe. . . . Many forms of belief and curious ideas respecting the great mystery of our being and creation have been suggested to me during my life and its wanderings; but after weighing each, and attempting to understand what must be unsearchable, my greatest comfort has been in peacefully resting firm in the faith of my sires. For all the human glory that surrounds the memory of Darwin and his wise compeers throughout advanced Europe, I would not abate a jot or tittle of my belief in the Supreme God and that Divine man called His Son.'"

He from whom he may have turned in the great cities of the world; whose presence he had not sought when the wealthy and the titled were

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about him; to spread whose dominion had been less important than to secure an earthly kingdom,— this tender sovereign and bountiful benefactor is found at last by the wanderer in the darkest jungle of the darkest continent. Strange that it should be so — that only after the table is swept we remember Him who spreads the board! Strange that disaster must lead us to Him who crowns us with honor. On the shores of that far inland lake he finds the man he seeks, and leads him forth from impending death at the hands of fickle soldiers and the fanatics of the Mahdi who are not far away. His search was then successful, but all unconsciously to himself he was making a greater quest. I have given you to-night the evidence of his success. With his guides and compass he found a path for Emin Pasha to the sea; but to every troubled, needy spirit he shows the way to the Path-Maker. Strange enough the pasha hesitated until it nearly cost him his all. And stranger still, many a man goes round and round in the jungle, where the ghosts of wasted opportunities meet him at every turn, and the dark hosts of his sins mock and threaten on every side. Over it all I hear a tender voice, "I am the way." "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." God has honored the man who honored

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him. To-night he sits surrounded by all the comforts which love and wealth and honor can lay at his feet. The gray locks which crown his temples at forty-nine are silent witnesses of the great distresses through which he has been safely brought. From enemies fiercer than the Manuema, from husks more worthless than finessa or fungi, from darkness blacker than the awful forest around the roaring Ituri, the same God has led us forth. And now it remains to be seen whether we will play the part of honest men, and pay the vows we promised of old. The answer is with us.

After our hero has told the story of his quest, and paid his tender tribute to the brave men who ventured all with him, he prints on the last page of his "In Darkest Africa," these humble words: "The thanks be to God for ever and ever. Amen."

For all good let us say, as the hand of the recording angel shall be poised over the last page of our earthly record, "Not unto us, but unto him who has loved us and washed us with his own blood, be glory for ever. Amen."

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WHISPERS FROM WHITEFIELD'S TOMB

PATRIOTISM grows warm upon the plains of Marathon, and piety is enkindled amid the ruins of Iona."

Some little time ago I stood on the deck of the steamer sailing down the Potomac. On that quiet morning, with no sound to break the stillness save the tolling of the steamer's bell, I looked for the first time upon the white columns of Mt. Vernon. I passed up the path trodden by the feet of pilgrims from every land, and stood with bowed head in the presence of his dust who was the greatest citizen of America. I saw the sword which in his hand cut asunder the chains that bound us to a foreign power. I beheld the evidences of the world's homage and the gratitude of a great nation. And my heart throbbed with reverence for him and with pride for the great nation he had helped to found. It was to me a Marathon.

Last week I found Iona. I stooped and entered a narrow lowly vault. The air seemed filled with voices. The walls were lifted into

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measureless expanse. I saw as in a dream such thronging multitudes as I had never seen before. Whether they were men or angels I could hardly tell. I saw one standing in their midst whose face I could not *see*, but whose voice was like the trump of God pressed by an angel's lips. But the scene changed. My eyes grew used to the darkness which the faint glow of the taper hardly dispelled. My guide raised slowly a coffin-lid. I gazed with awe at the disclosure. Napoleon stood reverently at the tomb of Frederick the Great. The Prince of Wales took off his hat at the grave of Washington. Statesmen of every land stand uncovered before the sepulchre of our greatest commander. But that oaken coffin held one who had wielded a sharper sword than either. Their trophies were carved out of dead men's bones, but his were souls redeemed. They had slain their thousands; he, through Christ, had saved his tens of thousands. Their victories were measured by the brief span of human life; his were for the endless years of God. A man's heart must have turned to ashes if it is not kindled to a flame by such thoughts and at such a shrine.

From out the caverns of those eyes once flashed celestial fire. Beneath that awful glance the proud were humbled, the drunkard sobered, the blasphemer silenced, the penitent

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encouraged. There were the lips never matched on earth. Their thunders had cowed the angry mob, and aroused the thoughtless; and their pathos had melted the hardest hearts. There had pulsed the tender heart whose mighty throbbings of love shook its frail casement into ruin all too soon. Adown those bony cheeks floods of hot tears had run for the sins of those who never wept for themselves. That right arm with its strange story of vicissitudes, nerveless and discolored now, under the spell of a matchless voice and will, has seemed to fill the air with the horsemen and chariots of God, and left the gates of heaven to myriads of seeking souls.

"And this was Whitefield; this the dust now blending
With kindred dust that wrapped his soul of fire
Which, from the mantle freed, is still ascending
Through regions of far glory, holier, higher."

I wish to voice to you to-night thoughts which come to me like whispers from that hallowed dust. To give them full force I must remind you briefly of the story of Whitefield's life. He first saw the light Dec. 27, 1714. He had not the help of high parentage, for he was an innkeeper's son. But the charmers of men, from Nazareth to the Golden Gate, have been cradled among the poor. Virgil's father was a potter; Demosthenes' father, a smith; Johnson's,

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a bricklayer; Shakspeare's, a wool-trader; Luther's, a miner; Burns's, a peasant. Whitefield joined the Wesleys in Oxford, in 1729, to form the Holy Club. At first he was morbid in his spiritual earnestness; he wore patched clothes, and ate coarse food; praying under the trees, far into the winter nights, till the sweat ran down his face. But at last he escaped from his asceticism and laid hold on God by simple faith. In this he was the leader of the Holy Club.

Ordained at twenty-two, he immediately began preaching with powerful effect. In 1735 he came to Georgia to help the Wesleys in their care for the religious wants of the colonists. He established there an asylum for orphans, and went to England to raise money for it. He found the churches closed against him, and was thus led to become the first field preacher.

He separated from the Wesleys on account of Calvinistic views, but personally they were friends until his death. He asked that John and Charles Wesley might be buried with him under the pulpit of his Tottenham Chapel. He gave them a ring in his will, and requested John Wesley to preach his funeral sermon. During his eventful life he made seven visits to America, and preached in all the thirteen colonies.

No man ever equalled him in sacred elo-

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quence. Said John Newton: "If you ask me who is the second preacher in the world, I do not know; but if you ask who is the first, there can be but one answer."

He had many distinguished friends and admirers; but his enemies were as vehement as his friends, as many and as great. Harvard College issued its testimony against him, but later sent him a vote of thanks for books given to the college. His connection with Boston is of special interest. Down these very streets he rode with the Governor, one hundred and fifty years ago next October; and when Boston was only a village, preached to thirty thousand people on the Common. No man ever addressed such an audience there before or since. Many hundreds were converted. "I am sorry to see you in Boston," said a D.D. who disliked him. "So is the devil," was his characteristic reply. In 1760 four hundred buildings were burned in Boston, and Whitefield raised three thousand dollars in London and divided it between the plundered Protestants of Brandenburg and our distressed fathers. A Boston shipbuilder said: "Under my pastor I can build a ship from stem to stern during every sermon, but under Whitefield I could not lay a single plank."

But it is 1770. Whitefield passes through Boston for the last time. Aug. 31 he preaches

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on Roxbury Plain; a few days later he leaves Boston forever.

In Exeter he preaches his last sermon. "You are more fit to go to bed than to preach."— "True, sir. Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* it. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the field, seal thy truth, and come home to die." It was granted. For two hours he swayed the thousands, and then went to Newburyport to die.

I stood in reverent silence before that humble house where the good man met his fate. Yonder on the staircase he paused with his candle in his hand to address the large company that thronged the hall and door, gazing up at him like Elishas on the prophet for whom the chariots of God were waiting. He spoke until the candle in his hand burned to the socket and went out. The night was a night of agony, but just as the sun was rising over the waters of the bay the chariot halted and took the weary prophet home. It was Sabbath morning, and his tired spirit had entered the land of everlasting rest.

Such in brief was the journey those mortal feet had run to bring him hither. Such were the facts which gave power to the whispered word that seemed to float through that dim and silent vault.

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1. As a preacher I listened for a message from the greatest preacher the world ever saw. And I did not listen in vain. The greatest father of the Apostolic Church sent a dying message to his son in the gospel. It was the same message which came to me with burning eloquence as I bent over the coffin of the prince of preachers. The fitful shadows crossing the face of the living and falling upon three time-stained coffins gave tremendous emphasis to the solemn warning: "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing, and his kingdom, *Preach the Word!*" There is a disposition to preach everything else, but our commission is to preach the Word only.

Here was his answer to every new speculation of our modern Athens: "You must be born again." When asked by a bishop, "Where were you born?" he answered, "The first time in Gloucester; the second time in Oxford."—"What! How is it that you were born twice?"—"'Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?'" said the preacher.

The Boston of 1770 turned out thirty thousand strong to hear of the new birth, and wept as one man under the spell of the truth. The Boston of 1890 needs the same truth. "You talk of works," said the preacher in his last

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sermon; "I would as soon think of climbing to the moon on a rope of sand!" You wonder why his sermons read so tamely. I answer, he preached a doctrine almost unheard of in his time, but he preached it so well that since that day it has been so universally acknowledged as to be commonplace. Whitefield never believed that grapes were gathered from thistles, or that a man "became a saint in his sleep." He believed in evolution, but the evolution of Christ and of Paul — the evolution of the new man from the new birth. "We were convinced that he believed the message he brought to be of the last importance," said Dr. Parsons in his sermon on the day of his death.

2. I have another message which relates, not to doctrine, but to daily practice. On the marble cenotaph above his dust these words are carved: "As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent, he put on the whole armor of God, preferring the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, or life. In thirty-four years he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times and preached eighteen thousand sermons." And we talk of bearing burdens for Christ when we give up an hour of selfish ease even to worship in the house of God! For his seal he had a lambent flame, and under it the motto, "Let us seek heaven."

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In Cowper's words: —

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life."

3. But, again, with what eloquence came the exhortation: "What thou doest do quickly!" Is this the dust which kings once honored? Ah, yes, and they too are common dust. This narrow house is all that now remains for him whom palaces received. I speak his name; he does not answer. I sound his praises; they fall unheeded on his ear; nor praise nor blame can reach him now. Only thirty years to work — how short! It is not long, and we shall make our bed with thee. Is this the end — ruin and a narrow cell? I catch a murmured answer, No! There is no gleam here in that dull socket,—

"But that eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night."

The tongue of fire is still, but

"This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity."

Ended here is thy pilgrimage, —

"But these feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky."

So blends this mortal into immortality! In his last sermon he said, in prophetic words:

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"I go to my everlasting rest. My sun has risen, shone, and is setting; nay, it is about to rise and shine forever. I have not lived in vain, and though I could live to preach Christ a thousand years, I die to be with him, which is far better." Not only has God opened to him a blessed immortality above, but here in this silent place he rests a signal fulfilment of the Saviour's words, "He that would lose his life shall save it." In his time he was accused, like Wesley, of every crime. As *Dr. Squintum* he was caricatured by Foote, the actor, from one end of Great Britain to the other, — even after he was in his grave. He was called the clerical pickpocket and accused of appropriating his great collections to himself. But in the clear light of the truth, all that long ago disappeared, and only lives in history to fasten obloquy upon those who made the charge. After a hundred and ten years his devotion shines as brightly as his eloquence. My heart was strangely stirred as I thought of the great and noble who had looked into this sepulchre. The bells in all the town were rung, and the ships in the harbor showed signals of mourning when they brought him here to rest. And for all these years the procession has not ceased. Jesse Lee stood here a hundred years ago, and wept like a child. To this shrine have come princes

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and presidents, senators and diplomats, while preachers from every land have entered it as a holy of holies. Can it be otherwise, when to every listening ear there is forever haunting the place these whispers of faith, duty, and immortality? This is a practical age, not over-much given to sentiment. It asks, "What have you done?" and not, "Who was your grandfather?" But don't forget that the present was born out of the past.

I heard the bells tolling yesterday from almost every tower and steeple. I saw a score of new flags waving. What did it mean? If America is better than Africa, it is because it has had its Washington and those who inherited his spirit. What the church would have been without Whitefield no man can tell; but we breathe a freer air and walk closer with God because of his life. The train to-day thunders across the land at fifty miles an hour, but somebody laid the foundation of bridge and bank in dust, and toil, and sweat. Let us thank God for their work; but let us not forget to run, along the lines thus cast up, the car of Christian progress.

But the coffin-lid is closed. The key turns in the iron door. I step from the past into the white light of the present. I trust we may all of us be better fitted for the present by the hour

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we have spent with the past. I go to my duties saying, "Whitefield is not dead."

"When by the good man's grave I muse alone
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
Like those of old on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Say, pointing upward, that he is not here;
That he is risen!"

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OUR PATRIOTS

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE TOWN OF BROOKFIELD, MASS.

AT THE

DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

JULY 4, 1890

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OUR PATRIOTS.

VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — We are met upon this anniversary of our Independence to unveil, with appropriate ceremony, a monument which shall speak to our own and coming time of the price which brave men paid for our national preservation. It is fitting that we should thus celebrate at this time a devotion sublime and most effective, without which our nation would have lost its unity, and this day would have had no significance.

Some years ago it was my privilege to pay my tribute in this presence to the high daring and patriotism of the men of '76 and their lineal descendants, both in blood and in spirit, the boys of '61. It is with special pleasure that I come now to behold the evidence of the zeal of the living representatives of the Grand Army who fought so nobly, and the generosity of the town, in this chaste and beautiful memorial. The citizens of Brookfield, in honoring their heroes, have honored themselves.

The *day* of the unveiling of this monument

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is well chosen. The lapse of a hundred years and more of national life, though it hardly brings us to our full manhood, has served to set a soberer beating to our pulses on this anniversary. We would not curb the exuberance of youth; but to those who weigh causes and effects, a quiet hour like this may be quite as helpful in the development of noble sentiment as the booming of cannon and the martial music of some great parade. It is well for us to remember that we are solving a question in which all the world is interested. America is the bright star of liberty which weary watchers on other shores have seen still glowing in the night when other stars had gone out.

The shot fired at Concord and heard around the world is reverberating yet. It is not two months since I held the hand of George Kennan, and heard from his lips a thrilling story from the land of the Tsar and Exile. The incident occurred at St. Petersburg, in the House of Detention, where political prisoners are held for the little time before they are sent to exile and death in the awful mines of the Trans-Baikal.

Fourteen years ago to-day we were to celebrate the Centennial of our National Independence. All the political prisoners in St. Petersburg said it was Freedom's day, and not ours alone, and they claimed the right to share

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it. As early as June they began the collection of refuse garments of white and blue and red. Masters of all expedients, by swinging cords and iron pipes, they distributed this strange material among the solitary cells. With the scanty means which had eluded search they purchased, through friends, a few tallow candles, which they cut into small pieces and distributed among themselves. They took these colored cloths, preparing and arranging them as best they could, and made a banner of stars and stripes for every solitary cell. With stray threads and strings, or shreds from their poor garments, they patiently wrought on, — working in with every stitch a prayer for Russian liberty, — until the day drew near whose anniversary we hold.

You remember the great preparations made at Philadelphia, — millions were invested in fireworks and banners, — and all the circumstance of the greatest parade our nation had ever seen. Impatient hands rested on every bell-rope, waiting, like the old ringer in Independence Hall, for the call to ring. But hear me when I tell you that the first shout of celebration on that day did not come from American lips nor rise from American soil. Long before the ruddy light of that morning had reached our shores it had touched with gold the

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roofs and spires of St. Petersburg; and as the first flush of day broke on that far city of the north, the prisoners were astir; from every little barred window in that Russian prison a rude imitation of the stars and stripes was seen to float, and a hoarse cry of hope and cheer rose from those solitary cells — the first faint note of the world's symphony that day. The emissaries of the Tsar soon tore down the flags; but here and there, through the day, one which had eluded the search of sharp officials was thrown to the breeze. When the sun went down and the stars shone out in that colder air of the north, in those same grated windows the poor fragments of the candles were set. At a preconcerted signal each candle was lighted, and a faint flicker, emblem of their frail hope, went up from four hundred cells.

Beside our great display this seems too insignificant to notice, but measured by the spirit which kindled the feeble light no gleam of starry splendor or boom of bursting rocket can compare with that faint light glowing for liberty in the far dungeons of the north. My eyes were filled with tears as I listened to the pathetic story. I said, we have liberty; God help us to prize it!

Let the bronze soldier stand forever on our shores; let every hillside and valley be crowned

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with a solemn pledge that Liberty, wounded in other lands, shall have a home in ours; that never here shall be heard the clank of chains forged by political or religious prejudice; that this shall be forever, as we fondly boast it is to-day,—

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

We are fortunate, not only in the day, but also in the *place* where we meet. I do not refer to this beautiful hall, nor the quiet meadow yonder, where brave men fought and bled two hundred years ago, and over which our bronze soldier shall keep guard, please God, until the trump of doom. I refer to the noble Commonwealth, under whose protection we gather. Before I speak of matters more closely related to our hearts and homes, I wish to pay a tribute to the old Bay State, whose reputation the men whose names are carved here bore unsullied on many a battle-field.

These were all sons of Massachusetts, and in honoring her I am only giving honor well deserved to a great army of which they formed a part. Glorious Massachusetts! The State of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; the home of Warren and Adams and Franklin; of Webster and Wilson and Sumner; of Garrison and Phillips! I wish I might have spent the

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hour in telling the thrilling story of Massachusetts in the war. Our great war governor gave but a feeble testimony to the valor of our soldiers when he said, "On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights, where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable." No State was so hated at the South, and with good cause, for nowhere had freedom such a strong ally nor slavery so implacable an enemy.

There were men in Massachusetts who felt the darkness was too heavy to be borne, and they prayed the God of nations to grant us light; and when it shot athwart the sky it is no disparagement to others that they were among the first to hail its coming and to proclaim to the world that the great bell of time had struck another hour. The blood of Massachusetts men was the first shed in the Revolution, and Massachusetts was also the first to seal her faith with her blood on Southern soil a generation ago. By a strange coincidence she opened, on the 19th of April, the sacrifice for principle both at Concord and at Baltimore. Her listening ear first heard the bombardment of Sumter, and in less than a hundred hours the "*Old Sixth*" had rallied its men from a territory forty miles square, had taken hasty leave of home and

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friends, and, marching through seven States, six hundred miles in distance, had forced its way through a hostile city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and had said to the tall, tired man at the White House, "Here we are!" And all this before the enemy had time to muster a regiment or cross the Potomac. That march from Boston to Washington was a bugle-blast that stirred the North as she had never been stirred before. The call of the President for troops was issued April 15, and the news was sent out from Boston that night. At eight o'clock the next morning the troops from Marblehead poured out of the Eastern Depot in Boston. Amid the shouts of the excited populace and the shrill notes of "Yankee Doodle" they marched to Faneuil Hall. It is morning of the 18th in New York City; the sun has but just risen. Last night men had stopped each other on the sidewalk and talked warmly and made strong expressions of loyalty to the government, but nothing more. As the sun rides up the sky a strange sound is heard in that city. It is like the voice of many waters, and above it all the sound of fife and drum. It is the marching of the 6th Massachusetts down Broadway! On they come, and from a thousand throats, under the gleaming bayonets, rises a song in time with their measured tramp, —

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"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

Every window on Broadway was filled with eager faces; every inch of space on steps and sidewalk was occupied. The ladies waved their silken scarfs and handkerchiefs, strong men shouted themselves hoarse, and then wept like children; while from every heart a prayer arose for the brave men who had rallied for the Land of the Free; and a benediction fell from every lip upon the noble State which sent them to the field. The enthusiasm they aroused beggars all description. Those who had witnessed the great demonstrations of that city for half a century said that nothing like it had ever been seen. The tread of the 6th had shaken our greatest city to its depths. At Philadelphia the scene was repeated; and even the quiet Quakers threw their arms around our soldiers' necks, and emptied their pockets for their benefit.

Before another day had passed four of our brave boys were lying dead in the streets of Baltimore, and thirty-six were wounded, — struck down by an angry mob. But our boys did not falter; as they bore their banners from our State, we said: "Bring them back proudly floating, or be brought back infolded by them;" and they answered: "If we prove recreant to

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our trust may the God of battles prove our enemy in the hour of our utmost need!" "Washington was their goal, and the streets of Baltimore the way to it." Tread them they would, though every brick had been a bayonet! Ere night closed they had reached their destination, and were quartered in the very chamber where Sumner's blood had soaked the floor. It was our answer to the Southron's blow. To that hall came Abraham Lincoln, and grasping the Colonel's hand, said, "Thank God, you are here! If you had not come we should be in the hands of the rebels before morning. Your brave boys have saved the Capitol. God bless them!" In feudal times, when Highland or Lowland would marshal its clans, their swiftest runners seized a lighted brand and sounded the call to arms throughout the land. Such was the march of the 6th, and so fierce the fire they kindled that it melted the chains from four millions of slaves.

There were other regiments also who stood by the side of the 6th, both in time and in valor, — the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th. The boys of the Old Bay State were the first to enter Baltimore, and New Orleans, and Richmond; and when once in they never left until the last rebel shout was hushed, and Lee had laid his sword in the hands of U. S. Grant.

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In the patriotic work of Massachusetts, Brookfield played an important part. From her records in the adjutant-general's office I find: "Voted, April 30, 1861. Every volunteer shall receive $1 per day for every day occupied in drilling, and every Brookfield member of the 15th regiment shall receive uniform, army blankets, and revolver at the expense of the town." E. Twitchell, J. S. Montague, and Charles Fales were chosen to carry this vote into effect. The adjutant-general says: "Brookfield furnished two hundred and forty-five men — one for every nine of its population, and twenty-one more than were asked of it." The whole amount of money appropriated and expended by the town on account of the war, exclusive of State aid, was $5,708.12; the amount expended for State aid for soldiers' families and repaid by the State was $14,166.19.

Two hundred and forty-five true men marched away from this peaceful village to do and dare for principles dearer than life itself, and yonder is the fearful record of human sacrifice which makes the monument we dedicate to-day a sad necessity. A list of forty-eight martyred men! Think of it! one in every five, not simply wounded, but *killed* or dying of a mortal wound or pestilential fever in the enemy's country! Nay, sadder yet, there were nine brave fellows

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who were not permitted to die under the clear sky in open battle, but were forced to die by inches in the stockades of Andersonville, under such refinements of cruelty as only the nineteenth century could suggest and heartless wretches execute. Well may we call those liberties priceless which were purchased at such a cost!

As I name now each brave regiment of this martyr band, I indicate a history as proud and fateful as that of any Greek Phalanx, Roman Legion, Imperial Guard, or English Light Brigade.

First in numbers and service, and second to none in valor, stands the old 15th. It left the State August 8, 1861, and its history is the history of the war, from Ball's Bluff to Petersburg. It was at Ball's Bluff the brave Dexter fell, — first in our list of martyrs, — and whose name your Post has most appropriately honored by making it your own. At bloody Antietam eight men from Brookfield were left dead upon the field. To look upon your tattered flag, and to read the immortal names upon it, might well inspire a nation to nobly do and dare. May, '64, the regiment entered the battle of the Wilderness with three hundred officers and men, and when the battle was over it had lost one-half its numbers in killed and wounded. In all

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the marches and battles from the Rapidan to Petersburg the 15th bore well its part, and that, of itself, is sufficient history. June 22 the regiment, numbering now but five officers and seventy muskets, faced the enemy near the Jerusalem plank-road before Petersburg. By a sudden rush from the enemies' lines the little company were taken prisoners, only one officer and five men escaping to tell the story.

A month later, when all the detachments of sick and wounded and those appointed to special service had been gathered together, a maimed and weary company of one hundred and fifty men came back to the throbbing heart of the old Commonwealth. Their reception will never be forgotten by themselves or by those who saw it. The State was there in the presence of its chief officers — as well it might be — to do them honor. So long as patriots live and we have a country to cherish, so long will our children listen with burning cheeks and tearful eyes to the brave but tragic story of the "Old 15th."

All I have said of the bravery of this regiment might be said of the 24th, next in number of your sons, and the 25th, which fought with them. Roanoke and New-Berne are familiar words and part of a proud history. It is a matter of history that the 25th paid the highest price in blood ever paid by any regiment of the United

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States on a single battle-field. It entered the battle of Cold Harbor with three hundred and two men, and came out with only sixty-seven ready for duty. I cannot fail to mention the 34th, of whom it is enough to say they were among the bravest of those who fought "mit Sigel." Winchester and Piedmont are graven yonder. The battles of that year alone cost the 34th six hundred and sixty-one men, killed, wounded, or missing. In that fearful fight at Winchester, when the gray-coats turned, one private dashed into their retiring ranks, and held eight prisoners, whom he took unaided to the rear. At Fisher's Hill the 34th won a victory second to none, when you consider the immense odds against them in point of numbers, and the completeness of the rout. Long may the name of Colonel Wells and the 34th be spoken with reverence on the hillsides of the North!

Of those regiments in which Brookfield was represented by fewer men, I would gladly speak at length. It is only the limit of the hour which forces me to pause in the proud record on which I love to dwell. Therefore let no silence of mine be understood as a hint of invidious distinction. This partial list of battles fought and brave acts done has seemed to me a fitting preface to the dedication of a monument to the slain.

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It is true that Brookfield has not waited until this late hour before raising a memorial to her soldier dead. This beautiful hall, with its rolls of honor, cypress trimmed, was dedicated to that service almost a quarter of a century ago; but these veterans who remain were interested to secure a monument more specifically suggestive of the soldier and his sacrifice. They have placed it in this ample plot of ground, with room enough so that no soldier dying here shall ever be buried in the Potter's Field. The citizens of the town, appreciating the devotion of these men to their departed comrades, and deeply mindful of their obligations, both to the living and to the dead, have generously erected this monument, for the dedication of which we are assembled to-day. It is placed in the spot of ground called so beautifully by the Germans "God's Acre."

"God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
The bread of life, alas! no more their own."

This hall stands where the busy feet of care pass by it every hour; but this later memorial is set amid other surroundings, in a place sacred to the holiest memories. Men and women will look upon it when their hearts are tender and when tears bedew their cheeks. In the solemn

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hush of that silent place, where the wheels of traffic sound not, and the murmur of the factory is stilled, the message which seems to fall from our soldier's lips will reach attentive ears.

In erecting this monument you are but voicing a sentiment as old as the race. The memorial monuments of a people have always marked their civilization and humanity. Recent discoveries show us the prominence of this thought in the best of our earliest civilization. The mighty Pyramids in the Lybian desert are simply the memorials of great men departed. The names of those who fell at Marathon, inscribed upon pillars erected on the spot, were legible to more than twenty succeeding generations. Every Roman *Via* had its triumphal arch or memorial column to tell to coming ages the proud deeds of noble men in the brave days of old; and they were wisely set, that every passer-by might be inspired to emulate the example of those whose virtues were there enshrined. In these memorials of valor no country is richer than our own. Every sacred spot, made such by patriotic devotion, is crowned with bronze or granite. The silent shaft on Bunker Hill, the bronze farmer at the Concord Bridge, the majestic statue of Faith at Plymouth, looking with trustful face down the bay whence our forefathers came, — these, and a hundred others, bear me witness.

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In all the public squares of our modern Athens we gaze upon the forms of noble men, erected as lasting memorials of patriotism and virtue: Winthrop, Washington, Adams, Franklin, Webster, Everett, Quincy, Lincoln, Sumner, — all these are there, that our youth may gaze upon them, and seek by their own lives to perpetuate their virtues and influence. Until the storms of centuries shall obliterate their names and features, and the frosts of ages remand the granite back to dust, so long, with greater eloquence than printed page, will they teach the generations yet to be those lessons which they stamped upon the generations for which they toiled and died.

I am aware of a utilitarian spirit which says all this is but sentiment. Let it be so. And what is sentiment? It is the sum of our rational powers and moral feelings. It is the only thing about us worth conserving, and one who has lost it is brother to the clod he treads. Every noble act that ever gladdened the world was born out of some high sentiment. The conquests of religion, patriotism, human love, and all that flow out of them, are the precious fruit which sprang from the soil of holy sentiment.

We dedicate this monument to the devoted men who died for us. I would be glad to tell you how each brave man met his fate, but that

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I need not do. What I say for one I say for all. They hazarded their all in the fortunes of war, and paid without repining the price which some *must* pay to set a nation free. Alas! alas! through what gateways of agony Truth and Freedom have come this way! It was the thought of this fearful cost which made the Duke of Wellington write: "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

And yet for those who die in a great cause death has lost the sharpness of its sting.

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her firstborn's breath,
And thou art terrible;
But to the Hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

I am impressed with the thought that nearly all of these were soldiers from the ranks. There is no great name here which towers above the rest like some Mont Blanc among the lesser Alps, and draws the gaze of all observers to itself. They were our boys, comrades with many of you upon the village green in days of auld lang syne. They ploughed these fields, or went daily to their toil in yonder noisy shops. They were not charmed to war by flash of sword

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or epaulet; no sounding title made parting from their kindred easy. From first to last they felt the hardships of war where those are the greatest. They made the long dusty march on foot and unaided; and when faint and sick had only the poor consideration for which a private may hope when even officers have no comforts. There was no hope that their names would fill a large place in the news of the battle, for they were only privates, and few would care to know what they dared or how they died; and for the most of them the simple record of their name and death has been the only epitaph to meet the public eye. I would not detract from the glory of great names; but let it ever be remembered that these were the men whose bravery gained the day, though they were never cheered by the hope of wearing the laurels their valor had won.

We dedicate this monument, not to Captain, or Colonel, or General: we dedicate it to the *Soldier*.

It is a *personal* remembrance. It was not the *country* which stood picket and was shot down in the moonlight; it was not the *Cause* which, burning with thirst and stricken down by the hot sun, was left by the roadside to die; it was not the *Cause* which murmured a tender farewell for loved ones when the life-blood was ebbing fast; it was not the *Cause* which snatched

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the silken banner and bore it into the very mouth of the enemy's guns, and fell back to die; it was not the *Cause* which was starved in Andersonville till its spirit took its flight from the old stockade; all that and more was the *individual* experience of these noble sons of Brookfield, and I would gladly, here and now, make a dedication as individual as their pains and as personal as your tears.

I have spoken thus far of the dead. I shall not have given symmetry to my words until I speak of living heroes for whom I wave a palm to-day. It is not often that one is permitted to gaze upon his own memorial; and yet, if I rightly understand the spirit of the donors, this monument is a memorial, not only of the dead, but also of your valor who were spared amid the vicissitudes of war to come back to us bringing victory in your hands. Let me send, if I may, a blush of honest pride to the cheeks that were pale with a mighty purpose a generation ago.

Disguise it as we will, you are slipping away from us. The great leaders, where are they? Alas, many of them have passed over to the ever-increasing ranks of the army they led, now tenting along an echoless shore! It is five years since they dipped the old battle-flags for the last time before the hero of Appomattox. The hand which had so often pointed out the way to

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victory was feeble then. They saw it rising slowly; it fell just as the column passed on. It was his last salute.

Let the recollection of the gratitude of a prosperous country, a happy state, and a united people give you cheer when that hour shall come to you.

The attitude of our soldier yonder is well chosen — parade rest. It was the attitude for final inspection. The battle is fought; no lurking foe is near. Let the artisan go to his shop: if danger threatens you shall hear the bugle-call. Till the fields and make them blossom as the rose; no armed band shall take away your increase. In ancient times the statue of Memnon was said to give forth melody, touched by the rays of the morning sun. Our statue also is vocal. It does not wait for rising or setting sun; but under sunlight and moonlight, as well as when the peaceful stars look down, its message is borne to every passer-by, — the blending of a pæan and a threnody. Hither young men may come in days far distant, and, listening to its voice, may rise nobly to do and dare on some field of battle or debate, whose bounds are not yet set. Here maidens may come with lovers true, like Huguenots of old, and pledge them by this silent witness to be true to country and to God. Under its shadow gray-haired

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men and mothers will tell to their children the brave story for which it stands, and vow them, like later Hannibals, to build a nobler future on a noble past. For those who fought afar, and those who suffered at home, it will be the inspiration of manifold memories. "Proud memories of many fields, sweet memories of valor and friendship, grand memories of heroic virtues, sublime by grief; exultant memories of the great and final victory of a righteous cause; thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms."

Our words will soon be forgotten; but the memories of noble deeds here enshrined will be cherished, —

> "While the earth bears a plant
> Or the sea rolls a wave."

The record is secure. These names we cherish, and those we add each year to the ever-lengthening roll, have won their place among the saviors of their kind.

> "So take them, heroes of the songful past.
> Open your ranks: let every shining troop
> Its phantom banners droop
> To hail earth's noblest martyrs and her last."

To the last generation there came the call of our country, in its need asking that brave men *die* to free the captive and champion the right.

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This generation hears another call; it is a call to *live:* to live like men, for truth, for country, and for God.

> "And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,
> In the Day of the Lord at hand."

As the last words my lips interpret for those lips of bronze, let me utter the message spoken over the martyred dead by our greatest martyr, "The great, gaunt, patient Abraham:" "Here let us highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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TOWARD EVENING

Abide with us; for it is toward evening. — *Luke xxiv.* 29.

IT is three days since the tragedy on Calvary. Two of the Master's disciples, probably Cleopas and Luke, are on the way to Emmaus, a village near Jerusalem whose precise location is yet undetermined. They seem to have reached the end of all hope for their Master's kingdom, and they are going home. Back to the old life! For Cleopas, the carpenter's shop; for Luke, the physician, the old round of fevers and accidents. As they journey they talk of the thing that is uppermost in their thought, — the garden, the judgment hall, the crucifixion, and the tomb. Their step is slow, and their faces reveal their sorrow. A stranger comes up with them and manifests a tender interest in their sorrow. To him they open their hearts, and he in turn opens their eyes to the prophecies which these very scenes fulfil. They realize that they are in the presence of a noble spirit, and they long to know him better. They have reached the end of their journey. It is late. There is no twilight in the East, and to travel

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after sundown is inconvenient and dangerous. They say to their companion, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening." Theirs was a guest who never enters unbidden; but, though he would have gone farther, he always accepts a true welcome. At their humble meal he breaks the bread, and, as I trust you do, before he broke it, he asked a blessing. In that act their eyes are open and the disciples whisper to each other, "It is he, it is he! The Master, the Master!" and he vanishes.

The shadows are lengthening, the dew is falling, the night winds begin to blow. I wish that from a thousand hearts here to-night, as Jesus of Nazareth passeth by, there might come the prayer, — more appropriate than some of you think, — "*Abide with us; for it is toward evening.*"

I. There are some of you, into whose faces I look, who can adopt the words, "It is toward evening," for this reason: life's day with you is far spent. You don't talk of it much, and you try not to think of it often. If any one remarks that you are getting along in years, you say, "I don't know; I feel as young at heart as ever. It's true, I can't walk as far, or lift as much, or see as well as I used to, and I find my memory isn't quite as good; but then, I'm not old." When you were twenty you

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called men old at fifty, but you have been moving the year along so as to keep it still ahead of you.

You must remember it is in the eighties now, well on toward the nineties, and you can remember what happened in the twenties and thirties. Ah, yes! you carry tell-tale messengers with you, who will be heard in spite of your protest. Some locks bleach in a single night, but it was not so with yours. It took fifty winters to do that. Many a year Time's graver has been busy on your forehead to cut those lines so deep. Frosted hair, furrowed brow, failing eyes, and that future which has in spite of you a lessening tale of hopes, — these all declare it is *toward evening*.

Most of your fellow-laborers have finished work and gone home. If you should get into a carriage with me to-night and go to call and shake hands with the old friends, I should order the carriage, not to Broad, or Greenwich Street, or Broadway. We should not find them there. They live in a city where callers are unknown; where they never rise to bid another welcome; where the marble doors are ever shut; where spindles never turn; where evening lamps never gleam; and where the grass grows in the street. *They* are waiting for you to make up the number of the old residents on your street. We are all marching that way.

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"All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee."

Thus has it always been. One after another, your friends have passed on, until you really know more over yonder than here.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that *you* have pressed
In their bloom ;
And the names that you loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

The echo of the chisel, as the sculptor carves each well-remembered name, declares to you, "It is toward evening." Now, the saddest thing that men or angels ever looked upon is a Christless old age. To go into the swellings of Jordan with a vessel that has no Christ on board! To lie down in a sepulchre that has a door for entrance, but not for exit! Ah, when your heart and flesh begin to fail there is only one prayer that befits your lips. It has three words; I am sure you can remember them, — "*Abide with me.*" You'll want a staff when you go down hill so fast. "When the strong men bow themselves, and they that look out of the windows are darkened," you'll want some

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one to smooth the path before you. I recommend Jesus of Nazareth, of Gethsemane, of Calvary, of Joseph's tomb, and of the Resurrection morning. For every lip that trembles with age I breathe this prayer, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening."

II. But, again, I want to hear that prayer from some of you who are facing the night of trial and sorrow. I don't want you to borrow trouble, for that increases *your* load, but lightens no one's else. Worry kills more than work. You will need all your strength to meet trial when it comes. But a darkness from which you shrink is already upon you. There's a hectic flush on the face you love, and you know what it means. "It is toward evening." How will it seem to go home when the sunlight of your life has gone out? when her rosy face, whose blushes graced the bridal hour, is pale as the lily which lies upon her bier? when the romping step which used to greet you is silent? You have them yet, but you can't help seeing that the stream of life doesn't flow up to the brow and out to the finger-tips as it used to. It takes the courage out of your heart, the spring out of your step, the joy out of your life. It is chill and dark, for it is toward evening.

Or perhaps you haven't told your family

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what the doctor says about yourself. The sharp pain, the exhausting days, the sleepless nights, the anguish of body, that makes living a burden — no one at home knows of it, but you know that all these mean it is "toward evening." What will the wife and the children do?

Or perhaps there's another man here who is not paying much attention to what I am saying, but is trying to figure how to make $10,000 of assets cover $100,000 of liabilities. Business has been so poor, expenses so great; or perhaps some friend has become an enemy, and now that you are short in your accounts, proposes to ruin you. You have paid all your bills thus far, but you can't go on much longer. As you sit here, you say, "Well, in six months or one month it will all be out. The papers will have a black head-line, *Bankrupt*, and ten chances to one, over that a blacker one, "*Another man gone wrong.*"

It is little that I or any one else can do to help you; but that *Friend* above all others comes to-night, and he says to every one who is sorrowful or burdened, "*Courage, brother:* I have seen thy trials, I will see thee through. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

Star of the night, Pilot of the sea, Physi-

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cian of the soul, Resurrection of the dead, abide with us! Fulfil thy promise, "At eventide it shall be light!"

III. But again I have to utter these words as a bugle blast to every careless, thoughtless dreamer: *Toward evening.* The day is far spent, — what have you to show for it? What treasure have you gained? What work have you done? You are saying it is morning. I answer, No: it is toward evening! You are saying, "Many days;" but God is saying, "To-night." You are saying, "I am prudent and wise;" but God is saying, "Thou fool!" "I am young now. I am but in the seedtime; the harvest is far away." For you the sowers and the reapers may come hand in hand. God fails to put a noon into many a life. The mists of evening shroud a morning sun, —

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath!
> And stars to set, — but all,
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Work, for the night is coming. Cast a quick eye about you; find a pearl here and a diamond there, that you be not eternal bankrupts when the sun goes down.

> "'Would a man 'scape the rod?'
> Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
> 'See that he turn to God
> The day before his death.'

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"'Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come!' 'I say'—
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—
'Then let him turn to-day.'"

IV. Out of this text I bring, not only a tonic, but also a balm. "It is toward evening." Every Christian heart ought to say, Thank God! We are getting toward the end of the burden and the grief and the parting; getting nearer to the golden milestone, nearer to the morning land.

"Nearer the bound of life, where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross, nearer gaining the crown."

Prophesy to the weary voyager that it is almost time for the anchor-chains to rattle out in port. To the careless idler it sounds the knell of his poverty, but to the tired but faithful workman it brings the longed-for rest. The twilight is the hour for devotion in all nations.

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight."

There are sweet memories that cluster about the twilight hour, — memories of home. I can hear the robin, as the shadows fall, singing to God his vesper song. I can see the swallows

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circling to their nests under the eaves. In the open door I can see a dear form seated. Her eyes are turned to where the gates of the west are just closing, and the King of day drives out his fiery steeds. Her lips are parted; and listening, I hear the trembling lips of age take up the song, —

> "I love to steal awhile away
> From every cumbering care,
> And spend the hours of setting day
> In humble, grateful prayer."

Toward evening! Nobody knows how to appreciate that like a man who has swung a hammer in a hot shop, or worked on a farm fifteen hours, from sun to sun. How I've wished the shadows would hasten toward evening!

That is the time when the separations of the toilsome day are over; when all the members of the family say to each other, Welcome home.

I remember, after the long day was over, and the last shock of corn had been cut and piled upon the creaking wagon, how we buried our sickles in the load and started home. The shadows were thick about us, but we could see the lamps gleam out where friends and kindred were waiting around full tables for our coming. A yellow mist hung over the valleys, tinged by the rising moon; and afar, on the bosom of the night, the great mellow-hearted stars of

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the evening were already aflame. Our steps quickened as we neared home; and more than once have I heard, as we followed the creaking load, the manly voices, which struck up, "Home, Sweet Home," or, "In the Sweet By and By," answered by tender voices from the open door. And now the feet of the oxen strike the floor, and the harvest is in! Evening is not far off for the saints of God, when the last sheaf gathered by hands that were torn and bleeding shall be carried into the everlasting granaries, and the song of the victorious saints shall be answered by those who stand to welcome them at the open gates. Harvest home at last!

Toward evening on earth, but morning in heaven! It is Jesus who brings the morning. He goes down with us in the evening into the grave, and the pressure of his pierced foot opens it into glory. Star of the evening to the shepherds, but the morning star of heaven! Do not fear the river of death. The bridge has been long in building. Do not fear a rude shock when you pass on. God gently loosens the faded leaf until it drops from the bough at the voice of a zephyr. Almost done with the long tramp, the smoke of battle, the hurling shot, the surgeon's knife. Going home! We can sing with a deeper meaning than Emerson ever knew, —

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"Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine;
Long through thy weary crowds I roam,
A river-ark on the ocean brine.
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home."

Child of sorrow, of aching body, of heavy fear, of lonely heart, it is toward evening, but Jesus will abide with you. Careless dreamer, hear the warning, *toward evening!* and beware. But for the laborer whose back bends under heavy sheaves, write it on the sunset clouds, shout it through the falling dew, toward evening!

It is coming. I don't know whether you will be dark or gray haired, whether evening will find you on land or sea; whether you will meet it with loving friends or alone with strangers; whether it will find you on the wrecked train or the foundered ship, but it will come. You will want a warm dress for its chill. I recommend the robe of Christ's righteousness. Take the hand which was pierced for you, and he will lead you into the blessed morning, and there shall be no night there.

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CROWNED HEADS[1]

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. — *Proverbs xvi.* 31.

THOSE who preach before the crowned heads of Europe are called court-preachers. I see before me many whose heads are hoary; and if my text be true, I may congratulate myself that to-day I am court-preacher.

The highest of earthly honors is a coronation. The value of the crown depends largely, however, upon the power which confers it. To be a king of some African tribe, or to rule over a petty and dependent state, would be of comparatively little honor. Poor Maximilian, made Emperor of Mexico, found he had but an empty title, and his crown was but a circlet of death, when Louis Napoleon withdrew his aid. The crowns here before me, rich in mellow, silvery light, were not given by notables or populace; they were given by him who is King of kings and Lord of lords, who makes kings beggars, and beggars kings, "who hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted them

[1] Preached at Winthrop-street Church, Old People's Day, Oct. 25, 1890.

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of low degree." Therefore are these crowns second to none in point of dignity and honor.

Many of the crowns of earth have been worn but a little time. Death ruthlessly bears them off, ofttimes by the headsman's hand. So fell the crown of Charles I. when he had worn it but twenty-four years, and the crowns of James I. of Scotland and Henry IV. of France were wet with blood. Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette, wore thorny crowns for a little, only to lose them before they were forty years of age under the guillotine. Your crowns are not thus to be lost. Caught up from the dust of the grave on the resurrection morning, and changed by the alchemy of heaven, they shall be the perpetual evidence of your kingly dignity.

Rare gems are sought for earthly crowns, and the most skilful artists, prodigal of time and toil, put them in place. In the English crown four hundred and ninety-seven diamonds are set, beside that "mountain of light," the famous *Koh-i-noor*. The crown is lined with purple velvet, bordered with ermine, and is valued at six hundred thousand dollars. That crown was two years in making, but it has taken *seventy* years to finish yours. If the toil which has entered into it be the measure of its value, I shall be believed when I say that yours is of infinitely greater worth. It has no purple

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velvet nor royal ermine, neither ruby nor diamond. Strange looms have woven its fabric, and gems from untravelled seas shed tender halo over it. I bow to those who bear upon their brows greater beauty than goldsmith or jeweller ever wrought, and richer gems than ever glowed in the mines of Golconda. Under the hammer of affliction your crown has taken shape.

> "God's breath upon the flame did blow,
> And all your heart in anguish shivered
> And trembled at the fiery glow."

A strange alchemy has fashioned your jewels. Sighs have come forth from the breaking heart and laid their chastening hands upon them. The pearls in that crown are tears struck out from a fountain which the sexton's spade has opened. Do you see that mother's crown? Watch the sunlight play on every silvery hair. Isn't it beautiful? Do you know how it came? Some wayward boy planted the first gray hairs, it may be, and would give all his wealth now if he had only been tender then. But that was forgiven long ago, and he's her pride and comfort to-day. Toil in the gray dawn, in the hot sun, and in the long winter night; little stockings mended, little hurts healed, fevered heads bathed, hot tears dried, tender watching with the living and sacred grief for the dead — all

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these things have wrought that silvery gray. Isn't it beautiful now you know how it came?

Beauty, when seen in face and form, always commands our admiration, and it does so because it is supposed to be a revelation of the inner self. I shall not enter into the philosophy of beauty or bring any fine æsthetic distinctions. You may believe with Socrates that the Beautiful is coincident with the Good, or adopt the absolute Beauty of Plato, or the more scientific distinctions of the later writings of the German and English schools, but in human life the exterior receives much of its beauty from within. Vice leaves its mark. With sharp gravers it cuts its story in forms which cannot be mistaken. The miser, the drunkard, the libertine, — all these bear their mark, like Cain, upon their forehead. Again, the halo of a helpful life transfigures a very ordinary face until every one says, "How beautiful!" Remember the words of Keats: —

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
> Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

Remember also that utility has a large place in beauty, and I think you will be persuaded that I have not wrongly used the word beautiful as applied to the gray-haired and wrinkled whom I address to-day. Eyes have lost their lustre through the briny wash of tears; cheeks

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that were plump and fair have become wrinkled; the wedding-ring fits but loosely the full-veined hand on which it was placed fifty years ago; but if I am to be judge of beauty, like Paris of old, I shall give the golden apple, not to the brightest eye, but to the tenderest; not to the brow unmarked by care, but to the one where is written the largest record of self-denying vigil; not to the hand so soft and shapely, but to the one most worn by toil for others, and oftenest opened to help the suffering poor.

We love the beauty of the springtime, — the bursting bud, the opening flower, the soft green tints on tree and field — all this is the beauty of promise. But the prophecy is not always fulfilled. Sweet blossoms do not always bring mellow harvests. Of the seed he bears afield the farmer does not always reap a hundred-fold. It is the field white to harvest which gladdens the farmer's heart and feeds the world. When the song of the harvest home is in the air, when the creaking wagons are homeward drawn and the great barn-doors swing to, the husbandman can say, "Blow ye chill winds of winter, pile high the snow! our barns are filled and plenty crowns the board."

Ah, yes! golden grain is better than blade of green. Don't try to make yourself young.

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Every line on your face was cut by a graver in the hand of God and is a part of life's history. Do not erase a single line. Do not sorrow when gray hairs appear, and, above all, do not dye what God has whitened. Spend no hours in lamenting the past and wishing that you could live your life over. That would mean to give up your successes as well as to escape your failures. Oliver Wendell Holmes puts the thought beautifully in his poem, "The Old Man Dreams." He represents the old man longing for his youth. This the angel promises, but asks if there is nothing he would like to keep. And the old man muses: —

"Ah! truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
'The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

'And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With these dissolving years.'

'Why, yes;' for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys,
I could not bear to leave them all:
'I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!'

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The smiling angel dropp'd his pen —
'Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!' "

Learn wisdom from past mistakes, but do not lose heart because of them. Do not live so much in the past as to forget that there is both a present and a future.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory *if it be found in the ways of righteousness.*" Do not forget the condition. Old age of itself is not lovely. The saddest thing on earth is old age without God and hope. To see an old man the slave of his passions after the fires of his youth are gone out; to see him shrivel in soul as in flesh, is a sight to make men and angels weep. But the hoary hair of a *righteous* man is a crown of glory. These are some of the reasons why it is so.

1. It is a sign of wisdom. "Old men for counsel" is a maxim which the world has adopted, but this is a sign of something more. Here is to be found that wisdom which has its beginning in the fear of the Lord. It is for such as these that the prophecy was written: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." When voices and paths were many they listened

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to the right voice and chose the right path. They chose the real instead of the seeming, the gold instead of the tinsel, the eternal instead of the temporal; and the years have vindicated the wisdom of their choice.

2. It is a sign of service. They have been followers of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. There are old ministers among them who preached more gospel and routed more wickedness on two hundred dollars a year than some of their descendants on four thousand dollars. To-day they are poor in pocket, but rich in the rewards of blessed service. Some man in his prime meets one such and says, "Don't you know me?" and then he gives his name, and tells how the old man led him to Christ twenty years before. There are old class-leaders among them whose prayers and counsels the lambs of the flock will always remember; mothers whose presence was a comfort in every sick-room, and who nursed both body and soul. All this I see reflected from these crowns to-day.

3. It is a sign of purity. How sweet that old face looks in its wreath of white hair! The fires of passion have never kindled up from a wicked heart to scorch and burn. Anger and malice have left no marks upon that face. I seem to see the words across the peaceful brow,

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"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

4. It is a sign of victory. The battle is almost over. The triumphal procession will come very soon. You have been victor on too many battle-fields to be defeated now. Every waving lock is evidence of well-fought battles. When I see an aged Christian I feel like doffing my hat; for I say, He is to be King unto God forever, and he will soon be seated on his throne. With the victory cometh the everlasting rest, the eternal presence of the Saviour, and the blessed rewards of a faithful life. Then do not be disheartened. You are on the side of life nearest heaven. You have the gratitude of those for whom you have labored, the approval of a good conscience, and the well-done of your Master. Most of your friends have already preceded you to the better country. Late may you ascend to heaven, but when you go may the saints you have known give you sweet welcome home! Let me close in the words of an unknown poet: —

"They call it going 'down the hill' when we are growing old,
And speak with mournful accents when our tale is nearly told;
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that used to be,
As if the future were not bright with immortality.

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Who would exchange for shooting blade the waving, golden grain?
Or when the corn is fully ripe, would wish it green again?
And who would wish the hoary head, found in the way of truth,
To be again encircled with the sunny locks of youth?

For, though in truth the outward man must perish and decay,
The inward man shall be renewed by grace from day to day;
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root,
Shall in their old age flourish and bring forth their choicest fruit.

It is not years that make men old; the spirit may be young,
Though fully three score years and ten the wheels of life have run;
God has Himself recorded, in his blessed Word of Truth,
That they who wait upon the Lord shall e'en renew their youth.

And when the eyes now dim shall open to behold the King,
And ears now dull with age shall hear the harps of heaven ring —
And on the head now hoary shall be placed the crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing old."

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GATES OF PEARL

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls. — *Rev. xxi.* 21.

MY text is from that part of God's word called the Revelation. As preliminary to the thoughts which will later engage our attention, I wish to answer, so far as I can do it in a brief statement, the questions: Is a revelation from God concerning his will necessary? is it reasonable? is it possible? has it been made?

To know the present, man has his senses; to know the past, he has the voice of the aged and the pages of history; but none of these can cast the horoscope of the future. That rests behind a thick veil, which may not be parted unless some superhuman hand shall draw it aside. If there be a God who has created us, and who is likewise our father, it is reasonable to suppose that he would communicate to us his plans and purposes concerning us. Natural religion, so-called, tells us nothing of repentance, of prayer, of spiritual duties, or of future destiny. It therefore becomes necessary that all this and more should come in some specially appointed

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way. That such a revelation would be *possible*, having postulated God, we conclude without argument from the nature of things. We communicate our thoughts to others; shall God do less? Nay, have I not witnesses this morning whose listening ears have heard sweet messages from that eminence where God's tall angels walk in light? You ask me, then, has such a revelation of the future been made? The Bible is your answer. No other book ever claimed to be such a revelation. This does. If this be not true, God has not spoken. But it bears its own evidence on its pages of light. In six successive pictures God set before Moses the dawning world. He wrote as he saw, and the deepest science of to-day dares not dispute, on fair interpretation, a single verse of the first chapter of Genesis. By the confession of the prophets themselves, it was *God* who spoke, from the triumphs and threnodies of Isaiah to the reproving voice of Malachi; and what was then in the unknown future, under the hand of God with its fast-flying shuttle, has been wrought into the garment of history, which the world must forever wear upon its shoulders. And it was wrought as they set the pattern-card — no thread misplaced, no color changed.

Let us journey on a little until we pass three crosses and an empty grave. It is not far to

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a rocky island in the sea, and there, under the inspiration of that central cross, and in the light of that resurrection morning which made empty Joseph's tomb, a vision kindles upon the sight of the man of God. "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." I affirm that the conditions are right for beholding the city which is afar off. The Seer is *in the spirit*, and it is well, for these things are spiritually discerned. The lenses which science grinds are poor media through which to see the King in his beauty. A new system of optics was announced in the Sermon on the Mount. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall *see God*.

The day is well chosen; it is the Lord's day. It is the anniversary of his resurrection and ascension who said, "I go to prepare a place for you." It is the anniversary of the day when a new power entered the hearts of men, when thousands were pricked to the heart under the advent of the Spirit which is to lead into all truth. If any man can interpret the things of God it is a man who is in the spirit, and if there is any time when the spiritual atmosphere is clear it must be on the Lord's day. The place, also, is well chosen; for if there be a heaven, a lonely island paced by a saint exiled for conscience' sake must lie under its very battlements, and we shall see that earth has no

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Patmos which angels cannot find and their footfalls make it the vestibule of heaven.

"*What thou seest write.*" The coming of a vision was thus announced. John saw it and wrote. In the hour of death, when the mists float up from the chill river, hiding loved faces, and when, if ever, visions of another country kindle the soul of the dying, I have never heard a testimony that assailed the vision of the exiled John. I believe in the revelator's dream. "But you would make heaven material." Only so far as Jesus made it so. "Do you believe in golden streets and jasper walls?" Concerning these we shall have no serious disagreement. If there is anything better for streets than gold, I shall expect to find it there. I confess it is a comfort to think, as some one has said, that the thing men prize most here, and for which they sacrifice happiness, honor, and life itself, will there be under our feet. Any materialism which may seem to trouble here is due only to the limitation of the apostle's language and expression, and to our limited understanding. The Bible most emphatically opposes any and all theories which seek to make heaven a simple state of heart. Such theories deny the plainest statements of our Lord concerning heaven as a place of holy joys and blessed reunion, where the experiences of life shall be recalled, and

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earthly friendships, made pure and heavenly, shall be perpetuated forever. We affirm our belief in the resurrection, but the resurrected body would be strangely out of place if there be nothing for the hereafter but the flitting of the spirits of the just in endless procession of cloud. When Christ ascended he took with him the body which was pierced, and he left only his grave-clothes and an empty tomb. How far this is a type of our resurrection we may not know. It is written, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body;" but we may still believe that in some important sense the words are true, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Let us look at the city as John describes it. The men of the East were wont to say long ago, "See Jerusalem and die." Richard the Lion-hearted counted it joy enough to look upon her battlements from the top of Scopus; and when the crusaders saw for the first time the holy city, they covered their faces with their shields and wept. When Mohammed reined in his horse on the hills above Damascus, and looked upon that "Pearl of the East" strung for silver threads upon Abana and Pharpar, he turned to his followers and said, "Look not upon it. To see paradise is given to men but once. Let us seek ours above."

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Still men climb the Hill of Moab to see the sun rise on the desolated city of the Great King. Still from Hermon and Lebanon their eyes kindle upon Damascus; but the city of which I speak no eyes untouched of God have ever seen. Her merchandise is not sold in our streets, her ships do not anchor at our wharves. For that reason some deny her existence. I have never seen Damascus or Jerusalem, but I have parted with many friends who journeyed thither. So, though I have welcomed none back from the heavenly Jerusalem, I have watched many sail for that port, — stately vessels loaded to the water's edge with golden grain, tiny shallops full of laughter and of flowers, how I have seen them sail away!

"And I think they sailed for the heavenly port,
For they came not back to me — ah me!"

"And when at last in heaven's port
At anchor safe I ride,
Some I shall see so dear to me
Who went out with the tide."

Of that city God is the architect. Earthly cities are built by many architects, and their plans are at variance one with the other. That city shall be harmonious in all its structure. Standing in St. Paul's Cathedral in London you will see a plain marble with the name of

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the architect of that cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren, cut upon it, and underneath, the sentence, "Do you seek my monument? Look around you." It is a monument to be proud of, and were he with us now we could safely trust him to build another. Standing in the shadow of St. Peter's in Rome, we are awed by the immensity of that dome, the grandest ever arched by human genius. With this evidence of his power before us we might well trust Michael Angelo to build for us a palace or a temple. I have seen what God can do in the making of a mountain; I stand on the shore and tremble at the surging of his seas; I lift my telescope and behold in yonder star a world of such extent as to make our little earth unworthy of notice. Of this world and its innumerable fellows he is the architect and maker. Yet all these are only in the outer grounds of his palace. The measureless azure is but the pasture where he drives the worlds for flocks. We may be sure when he builds a city where his throne shall be established and the royal family shall live, it will surpass in glory all other creations. This is the city before whose gates we stand.

"The twelve gates were twelve pearls." Notice how manifold are the entrances. Surely, there is little comfort in this for those who

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expect the world to reach heaven only through their polity or creed. Each church shall have its gate, but let it remember there are eleven others. Our Baptist friends prefer to go in at the river-gate. It shall be theirs, but our Congregational friends shall have a gate as well. It may be that some poor worshipper of the Virgin shall yet see Jesus only; there shall be a gate for her. Some follower of Gautama, the light of Asia, may at last find Him who is the light of the world. There shall be an entrance for him. A gate for every true worshipper, whether in the church of Luther, Knox, Kingsley, Chalmers, Starr King, or Bellows. If I have left anybody out, they are welcome to come in at the twelfth, the Methodist gate. But once inside no one will ever ask at which gate you came in. It has been well said that the twelve gates mean universality. "On the north three gates." That means that every Esquimau in his icy hut shall have a chance. "On the south three gates." That means a risen Christ for every dusky-faced child of the tropics. "On the east three gates." That means salvation for India and China and Japan. "On the west three gates." That means the culture and the wealth of this world are to be brought to Christ.

The twelve gates were twelve pearls; each

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gate a pearl. Julius Cæsar paid six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a single pearl. Cleopatra's famous pearl was worth four hundred thousand dollars. A single gem is of such value, but think of the massive gates, each one a pearl! The significance of the pearl is purity, but here it has a deeper meaning. Every pearl is formed over a wound. I do not know from what shores these come; but I fancy they are the tears wrung from breaking hearts amid manifold sorrows, changed by the strange alchemy of heaven into the gates of pearl. "Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come at length to their father's house." Your hurts and sorrows will be to most of you the gate of heaven. They will shut us out from eternal sorrow, and shut us in to everlasting joy. One step this side, we are beggars; one step the other side, and we are kings. Here I find sickness, sorrow, poverty, and death. It will soon be over. No selling out of poor folks there, no aching head, no hidden sorrow, no ruined hopes; there malice plies no daggers, sharp tongues do not hurt, love does not mourn; no graveyards for broken hearts, no conquests for sin. Oh, city of rest, city of freedom, city of foundation, city of love, city of God! swing thy gates for us!

In the "Anabasis"[1] is a passage of simple

[1] Xenophon's Anabasis, Book IV. chap. vii., sec. 24.

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beauty, where Xenophon, after describing the treacheries from which the Greeks have suffered, their hard marches, harder fare, and all their sorrows, tells us how, when they came, on their return, in sight of the blue Ægean, they embraced each other and wept like children, and cried to those toiling up the mountain, "The sea! the sea!" To them the sea meant the end of their journey and the sweet delights of home and friends. With like rejoicing may we all come, with our trials and sorrow behind us, to the welcome of our everlasting home, and as we hail the glad sight which ends our weary pilgrimage, exclaim with holy rapture and gratitude unspeakable, The gates, the gates!

"Jerusalem the golden, I toil on day by day.
Heart-sore each night with longing
I stretch my hands and pray
That 'mid thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her rest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."

May I remind you of the inhabitants who are now within these gates? All the holy you have ever known are there. Every saintly life which blessed the world, comforting the afflicted, binding up breaking hearts, making roses to blossom in every desert life, is still lived on beyond these portals. Do you love little children, and would you like to be with them forever? Then

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seek the city of the saved, for, thanks to the mercy of the infinite Christ, there is not a little child in all the regions of the lost. A few months ago I sat in our largest auditorium and looked into the bright, happy faces of seven thousand school children. It was a sight never to be forgotten. No mark of sin was on those faces. I could see on every side only the purity of innocence. Tears gathered in my eyes as I thought of that multitude which no man can number, and my heart throbbed with a great purpose to enter the many-gated city and dwell forever with the pure and innocent of all ages. But there are others whose names tremble upon my lips. They have but lately left us, and our hearts are burdened sore. The daisies now blossom over their graves for the first time. Our tears drop warm upon the turf, but it heaves no answering sigh. If we only knew the glories within the gates, and could talk together as of old!

"One year among the angels, beloved thou hast been,
One year has heaven's white portals shut back the sound of sin;
And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating down from thee,
To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven may be."

But we shall know some day, for our home also is within the gates. We try to make this home. We buy land and build houses. We set

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many chairs around our tables. The old folks smile upon us in their quiet way, and the laughter of children fills our ears. But it changes so soon! Our guests are scattered far and wide. We go home; but the old folks are not there to greet us, and we look for them in vain. The laughter of childhood is hushed, for the little ones lie white and still. Ah! this can be *home* no longer.

"Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be,
There is the home where my thoughts are sent, —
The only home for me, — ah me!"

It was mother who made home here, and now that she has passed within the gates it is still true that where mother is is home. Have courage, ye sad-hearted and fearful! It is not far to the golden milestone. Soon we shall greet our waiting kindred, and within the gates we shall forever dwell with them at home. But ere we enter the gates, the angel warden will ask of us the password. The same one will answer at any gate, and there is none other name given. Let me speak it tenderly now, and do not forget it, for it is the last word I shall speak — it is JESUS.

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